

The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VII.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1879.

NO. 18

NEWS AND NOTES.

The Secretary of War has reduced his estimates this year below any point since 1861.

Jack Gilmer and George Hurst have purchased a lead carrying \$10,000 ore at Newton Forks, Black Hills.

The Homestake Mining Company, Black Hills, cleared up \$55,790 43 from a two weeks run a few days ago.

The Republican candidate for governor in California was elected by a plurality of twenty-one thousand.

The failure of crops in Great Britain is as extensive as it was during the year of Ireland's great famine.

The *Enterprise* says New Yorkers representing a capital of \$60,000,000 are expected this week in Deadwood.

The *Enterprise* reports a very rich strike of quartz showing big chunks of free gold on Poor Man gulch, Black Hills.

The *Telegraph* says Jamestown is building a \$2,800 school house. Jamestown is making wonderful progress this summer.

A Louisville man recently poured coal oil over himself and set fire to it. A short but terrible cut for the infernal regions.

A Sisters' fair at Deadwood recently netted two thousand five hundred dollars. The money will be used for building a hospital.

Maine, at the last election, adopted the biennial legislative plan being the twenty-fourth state in the Union to adopt that system.

The Osage statesman is not a success as a returner in the north. Republicans will not listen to him and Democrats fear to endorse him.

Bank Center people are searching enthusiastically for twenty-five thousand dollars supposed to have been buried in that city by a female swindler.

The James river, from its source to its mouth, passes over five hundred and twenty-five miles of country and would measure not less than one thousand miles.

The Homestake mining company, Black Hills, the *Enterprise* says, has paid dividends to the extent of \$270,000 during the past nine months. Pretty good stock to own.

Wheat shipped by barge from Breckinridge, on the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad to Fargo in order to take advantage of the market on the North Pacific which has the advantage of a lake outlet.

J. S. Wallace, well known at Bismarck, the Black Hills *News* says, is interested with Gilmer & Hurst in the Newton Fork discovery, which is likely to prove the biggest thing in the Hills.

It is now believed that Keene, the bank defaulter, has "shelved" twenty thousand dollars of the stolen funds and unless he gives up it is proposed to make the counts against him numerous enough to send him to the penitentiary for life.

The *Pioneer-Press* says: "Charlie Collins, the founder of Brule City, on the Missouri, and its principal proprietor, is a veteran newspaper man. He now lives in a mansion of logs, as many founders of cities have before him, but the streets of Brule City have been named from First to Fourteenth, a court-house site provided, and a desirable place set apart as a place where the capital buildings of Dakota are to be erected. Mr. Collins possesses energy and liberality, and if Brule City does not become the business point it will not be his fault."

It is now just thirty-one years since the grand discovery of gold was made in California. During this period there has been produced in the States and territories west of the Missouri river bullion to the value of \$1,985,527,930. Of this amount about \$1,581,443,693 has consisted of gold and \$405,084,237 of silver. Besides this there has been produced to date in the several Atlantic states, something like \$30,000,000, the most of it in North Carolina, Virginia and Georgia. If to this be added the entire yield of British Columbia to date, \$33,000,000, San Francisco receipts from the northwest coast of Mexico, \$9,000,000 and the product of the Atlantic States, \$30,000,000, we have a total of \$2,857,527,930 produced from the above sources, all but \$42,000,000 being from mines within the limits of the United States.

"Heroes," shouted Nestor, as the Trojans made a rally on the besieging Greeks. "Hither come the vanquished hirelings, whose machinations have torn us from our peaceful homes to brave the terrors of the death-haunted battlefield. By all the sacred legends by which our mothers taught us to revere the valor of our sires, by every ounce of epicurean blood that courses through your veins, by all the admonitions of those revered sages, whose God-given wisdom and unflinching courage—" "I move that leave be given to print the balance of that speech," interrupted Achilles. "Hump yourselves, boys, and warm 'em." And in about ten minutes, the Greeks were toasting Trojan steaks at the evening camp-fire, and awaiting the issue of the "extra," containing the unfinished portions of Mr. Nestor's oration.

The *New Board of Directors*. From Mr. Davidson we get the names of the Directors of the Northern Pacific, elected at the meeting of the stockholders on Thursday. Three new men appear in the directory: Walker Ferguson and J. B. Williams, of New York, and J. D. Poor, of Philadelphia. They take the places vacated by vice president Stark, Charlesagne Tower and Mr. Ashurst, of Philadelphia. There is no change in the controlling influence of the management: Frederick Billings, Pres.; Joshua Livingston, New York; Jos. Dilworth, Pittsburgh; C. B. Wright, Philadelphia; B. P. Cheney, Boston; Hugh McCulloch, New York; Joseph D. Poor, Philadelphia; J. Fraley Smith, Philadelphia; J. M. Denison, Baltimore; A. Mitchell, Milwaukee; J. C. Atkinson, Oregon; Walker Ferguson, New York; J. B. Williams, New York.

DEADWOOD IN RUINS

EVERY BUSINESS HOUSE IN THE CITY BURNED.

Seven Thousand People Without Food or Shelter—Gen. Sturgis Providing for the Refugees—Heavy Loss.

MILITARY LINES AHEAD.

The news of the fire came this morning by the military lines, and the brief statement that "Deadwood is in ashes," was sent from Bismarck to nearly every city in the East in the shape of newspaper specials and by the Associated Press. The line is down by Cheyenne and the news has not yet got out that way. The wires are so crowded with commercial business that it is impossible to obtain the whole particulars. Upwards of one hundred dispatches of this nature have been sent to-day to St. Paul and Chicago wholesale houses. The purport of them is about as follows; "Send \$5,000 worth of provisions."

DEADWOOD IS ON FIRE;

my stock is now burning." "Ship immediately \$20,000 stock dry goods, Deadwood is in ashes." "The whole city is in ashes, not a business house being left. Send \$50,000 worth of groceries and general supplies." "Twenty thousand people are out on the hills without shelter. Provisions from government stores at Meade have been telegraphed for. Use your judgement and send \$20,000 worth of clothing via Bismarck."

THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR

is outside of the city on a barrel doing all he can with an imperfect ground wire. The wind is reported as being very high and but a short time was required to lay the city in ashes. Not only the business houses are all burned but many of the supposed fire-proof cellars succumbed to the fiery element. Gen. Sturgis, of Fort Meade, is receiving the refugees and providing them with shelter and food.

NOTHING LEFT.

(Special Dispatch to The Tribune.)

DEADWOOD, D. T., Sept. 26.—The city is almost totally destroyed. Every business house is burned, and the wildest confusion exists. Only three grocery fire-proofs, the Northwestern Stage Company fire proof and six dwelling houses remain.

THE "HUNGRY HOLOCAUST."

The Danger We Are In—What the Fire Fiend Might Do.

EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Through your columns permit me to respectfully call the attention of his Honor, the Mayor, the City Council, and fire warden and citizens generally to the great danger from fire and total destruction of Block 54, and possibly the entire city, that exists from the daily violation of city ordinance relating to the stove pipes that protrude through the roof of a dwelling in said block. owned, I think, by Col. Wilson, for whom Col. Sweet is or was agent, and whose attention has been called to the great risk daily incurred, but without remedy to the extent that the law requires. As I have already put out one blazing fire that caught in the roof of this dwelling from this same stove pipe cause, then occupied by Justice Ware, I am reasonably apprehensive of another. As a taxpayer I ask that the city government rigidly enforce the city fire ordinance, in all its details, and compel those who have not complied with it to do so. Let them build more chimneys and less tinier boxes in the form of stove pipes and any stacks, within the city limits, before we have occasion to mourn heavy loss by fire fanned by the fearful gales now daily being experienced. Respectfully, PROBOBO PUBLICO.

The gentleman who writes the above, properly realizes that on some dark night "the sleeping city may be bounced out on the floor barking its shins on chairs and things in a mad hunt for its pantaloon." The "hungry holocaust" may lick up the sign "mackerel, bacon, flour, feed and provisions as if he hadn't tasted a bite for a month." Without any nonsense that stove pipe may turn the fire fiend loose on some windy day and not even the devil knows where he would let up. We don't want the fire fiend rushing through town "like a war horse, leavin' destruction in his trail," neither can we afford to have him gorge himself on our lady's favor and scale "your corner grocery as a kitchen maid would scale a fish" with his fiery, forked tongue lick the white paint off the building. We want protection, even as Grant wants peace.

River News

The Key West will arrive from Yankton on Sunday and return on Monday, 29th.

The Western left Standing Rock on the 18th for Yankton, and the Far West left Yankton on the 20th for Ft. Pierre.

The steamer Rose Bud arrived from the Coal Banks Thursday morning with seventy passengers. Capt. Todd reports very low water above Buford and still lower above Cow Island. The Rose Bud was compelled to make three trips from Cow Island to the Coal Banks, with one hundred and forty tons. She will load immediately and leave for Cow Island Saturday, the 27th, and will be the last Coulson Line boat for Cow Island this season. She cleans up all Montana freight now at this place belonging to the Coulson Line. The Rose Bud left Cow Island on the 17th, met the Eclipse at Musselshell, on her second trip to Cow Island as she had left one half her freight at Trover Point and was taking up the last of it; 20th met Benton at Ft. Peck; 21st met Big Horn at Wolf Point and Josephine at Spread Eagle, Batchelor and Benton at Poplar River.

MONTANA CATTLE TRADE.

Its Importance to the North Pacific—A Glance at the Future.

The importance of the Montana cattle trade to the North Pacific is not yet scarcely realized though it is increasing year by year. This week and next 1,700 head will be shipped and as the *Bozeman Courier* concludes this is but the beginning. The *Courier* says: "No approximate estimate can be made of the number of beef and stock cattle that will be shipped east from Montana over the Northern Pacific railroad when it once reaches the Yellowstone valley. The cattle ranges of Montana are almost limitless in extent and are beyond comparison the most nutritious and favorable, summer and winter, ranges to be found on the continent. During the past eight or ten years the stock business here has been gradually and steadily increasing until it now assumes an importance second to no other industry in the Territory, while in actual value if not in numbers, the cattle herds of Montana are beginning to bear a favorable comparison with those of Texas and Colorado, with a reasonable prospect of outstripping them both at no distant day. If to the beef herds which hereafter Montana will annually turn out, are added the mutton, wool and hides produced each year in the Territory, and which will have to seek an eastern market, then no estimate heretofore made will indicate the magnitude of the carrying trade in these lines, that the Northern Pacific will control the moment the road penetrates into the settlements of Montana."

THE DUCK BOOM.

Long Lake Ahead—The Champion String.

Long Lake, Thirty miles southeast of Bismarck, is six miles long and covered with ducks. Geo. P. Flannery and Judge Bowen returned Friday evening with one hundred ducks. The Judge shot a buffalo head, thinking it was a goose, and claims that he was justifiable on the ground that the goose was just twenty yards beyond. Bell and Thurston returned on Monday from the same lake with 498 ducks, 175 jack snipe and one goose. In one hour before breakfast they shot fifty-four ducks. Altogether the accomplishment of Bell and Thurston surpasses anything on record among Bismarck sportsmen. They report three days in the field. Col. E. D. Baker, Jno. J. Jackman and a friend were out on Tuesday and brought in 130 ducks—all mallards. Jackman wouldn't shoot anything else; neither did the party go to Long Lake. This is the country for ducks.

Indian Farming in Dakota.

(Washington Telegram.)

A report from George Brown, second lieutenant Eleventh Infantry, commanding Indian scouts at Fort Bennett, gives an account of a tour of inspection made by him to several Indian camps in the Cheyenne River agency, Dakota, for the purpose of ascertaining the condition of cattle purchased in 1877 and 1878 for the Indians. This report shows that there were in possession of Indians on August 14, 534 cows and 556 calves. He says: "At all camps the cattle showed evidence in their appearance and gentleness of good attention and careful handling, and while a few of the Indians do not appear fully to realize the advantages which accrue to them from careful management of their cattle, and would doubtless dispose of them if not restrained by fears of punishment, I am convinced that a majority do now realize the value of their cattle, and would not part with them under any circumstances. The Indians are becoming firmly attached to their cattle, and as a consequence are less ruthless and discontented. Many are locating on the separate claims, breaking up land, collecting pigs and chickens and articles of household utility from the legitimate results of their personal labor."

Northern Pacific Lands.

(Glyndon News.)

Traffic in Dakota lands may be said to be booming. The *News* can make mention of but a tithe of the purchases by eastern capitalists and western farmers, besides colony movements of foreign immigrants. A Swedish colony of seventy-five families are about locating near Valley City, on the Cheyenne, in Barnes county; and a larger party of German Lutheran people from Illinois, have just perfected arrangements for making homes near Jamestown, for whom the Rev. Dr. Henet, President of the Northwestern German Lutheran College of Illinois, has recently purchased most of the land in a township near the railroad. Messrs. Robt. Hadwin and J. B. Chapin, of Fargo, have lately effected the purchase, from J. A. Bowman, of Detroit, of a number of thousands of acres in range 62, near Sanborn, on which to open a mammoth farm which is to rival Dalrymple's cluster in extent. Col. Charlesagne Tower, of Philadelphia, becomes the purchaser of N. P. lands amounting to \$150,000, in the same region which goes so much farther toward making him a landlord in deed as well as in name. These are but few of many who have done and are doing the same thing, and the transactions foretell a significant story of the work that the Northern Pacific freight trains are going to have to do next year and the years after.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD

STEAMER HELENA ON A SNAG NEAR BONHOMME.

Her Cargo Will be Saved—Wreck of the Peninah—Democratic Convention at St. Paul—Miscellaneous.

(Special Dispatches to The Tribune.)

HELENA SNAGGED.

YANKTON, D. T., Sept. 26.—Steamer Helena was snagged yesterday afternoon near Bonhomme, about a half a mile below the wrecked Peninah, which ran on a snag Monday. The cargo of the Helena has all been taken off in order. The boat is held up fore and aft by the spars and some stumps in the river bottom. There is seven feet of water under her and she will be saved if nothing unforeseen occurs.

MINNESOTA DEMOCRATS.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 26.—The Democrats of the State in convention yesterday made the following nominations: Governor, Edmund Rice, of St. Paul; Lieut. Gov., E. P. Barnum; Secretary of State, Felix A. Borer; Attorney General, Judge P. M. Babcock; and Lyman P. Cowdry, State Treasurer. The platform favors hard money, and unlimited silver.

N. P. OFFICIALS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—The Directors of the Northern Pacific have elected Frederick Billings president, Samuel Wilkinson, secretary and Lenox Belknap treasurer.

THE GRANT ROOM.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 26.—Gen. Grant, accompanied by Mayor Lorge, and a number of other city officials and dignitaries and a bevy of ladies, left the city this morning to partake of the hospitalities of Oakland. Gen. Grant was drawn through the streets of the latter place in an open carriage drawn by six white horses. Among the other notable events of the day was five thousand school children gathered in one assemblage with bouquets and flags in their hands and the girls dressed in white.

HAYES IN KANSAS.

NEOSHO FALLS, KAN., Sept. 26.—This comparatively unimportant place is thronged to-day by not less than twelve thousand people who assembled to attend the annual district fair and more especially to welcome President Hayes and Gen. Sherman. The President addressed the gathering.

BOLD BURGLARS.

LACROSSE, WIS., Sept. 26.—Burglars entered the brewery of L. G. Moore and rolled the safe to a shed some two hundred feet distant and blew it open, securing one thousand dollars in cash. No clue to the robbers.

THE PEDESTRIANS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—In the walking match the score stood as follows at eleven p. m. last evening: Weston, 317; Hazael, 360; Ennis 305; Hoyt, 361; Rowell 397; Guyon, 313; Merritt, 358. Weston seems indifferent but says he will soon get in his business.

THE FEVER.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 26.—Seven new cases are reported and seven deaths. Five cases of fever are reported among the negroes five miles south of this city. Donations to the Howards to-day amounted to \$490.

PRUSSIA AND THE VATICAN.

BERLIN, Sept. 26.—The *Provincial Correspondence* publishes an appeal to Prussian electors in behalf of Bismarck, urging them to trust him once more in the approaching elections.

The *Germania* says that it has reason to believe that the negotiations between Bismarck and the Jacobini papal Murico have not improved the chances of peace between Prussia and the Vatican.

FRIENDLY TO FRANCE.

PARIS, Sept. 26.—Debort, ambassador at Vienna, telegraphs the minister of foreign affairs that Bismarck called on him and expressed a desire to maintain the existing cordial relation to France.

High-Priced Horses.

Mr. Bonner paid more for Rarus than he has ever paid for a trotter before, but there is one in Mr. Bonner's stud that cost him more, that one being Pocahontas, whom Simmons sold to Mr. Bonner for \$45,000, eight-ninths of which was in actual money, and the remainder in trade. Startle cost him \$20,000; Dexter \$33,000, and Grafton \$15,000. Goldsmith Maid and Jay Gould represent \$35,000 each; Lady Thorn, \$30,000; Socrates, \$26,000; Lucy, \$25,000; Tattler, \$17,000; Rosalind, \$13,000, and General Knox, \$10,000. The great fatherless stands \$1,000, therefore, beyond all save Pocahontas.

Removal.

John Ludewig has removed his stock of goods into the new store No. 88 Main Street, next door to the Western House. Mr. Ludewig has a fine stock of Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps, Notions, etc., which he is selling at a very low figure. His new stand will be one of the finest in the city and centrally located. Parties in want of fall and winter clothing can find the best bargains in the city at this new stand.

PURELY PERSONAL.

There is a little St. John Chubb, at Ft. Yates. J. C. Her, the large distillery man of Omaha, is in town.

E. McMurtree, collector of customs, Pembina, is in town.

Gen. Geo. B. Smith was buried at Madison, Wis., on the 20th inst.

C. W. Darling, formerly trader at Berthold, is prospering finely at Fargo.

Gen. Whistler, of Keogh, arrived on the steamer Rose Bud, eastward bound.

E. F. Brown, retired lawyer of New York City, owns the townsite of Wheatland.

James K. Miller, the big grocery man of Deadwood, passed westward this week.

P. J. Callahan, the Mandan hotel man, has determined to locate in Bismarck.

Dan Eisenberg returned last night from Chicago. He bought a large stock of goods.

Mrs. Kelleher, of Jamestown, died recently. The traveling public will remember her kindly.

Capt. O'Toole and wife, Fort Keogh, are passengers on the Rose Bud, homeward bound via Buford.

M. Woodhull, of Washington, a holder of N. P. bonds, has been here and gone. He was satisfied.

Mrs. Frank Mead and family moved into their new house to-day on their claim, west side of Mandan.

David Olmstead, of Minneapolis, was in town several days this week and made a few good turns in city lots.

Chas. Collins is clerk of the court and register of deeds at Brule City. Charley will make some money this time.

Marshall McClure, of the Northern Pacific Farmer, Wadena, Minn., put in a night in Bismarck this week.

C. W. Carpenter and Charley Eaton, of St. Paul, arrived Wednesday evening. They are pointing Hillwades.

Hon. G. G. Bennett unexpectedly came in on "Wednesday's" coach from Deadwood and took the morning train East.

Col. Lounsberry will leave for Marshall, Mich. next week to attend the reunion of his regiment, the 20th Michigan Infantry.

Col. E. D. Baker will bid good bye to Bismarck soon. Major Kirk, of Buford, will be his successor in the Quartermaster's office.

Supt. O. C. Greene, of the telegraph line, is on the Mandan side to-day. The line west will be constructed to the Little Missouri this fall.

John D. Benton, Esq., of Fargo, has been to Courtland, N. Y., on a delightful errand. He brought back Mrs. Benton Congratulations.

Capt. C. S. Isley, of the Seventh Cavalry, who has been so long a popular officer on the staff of Gen. Pope, in Kansas, returned this week to Ft. Meade to assume command of his company.

Marshall McClure, of Wadena, Minn., has bought the *Jamestown Alert*, the rival of the *London Times* and *Paris Figaro*. He will keep up its reputation as the greatest paper on the western hemisphere.

S. P. Snider, a land owner on the N. P., from Minneapolis, came out to Bismarck Saturday and put in a Sabbath in our pious town. He had been exploring the country north of Valley City, in the interest of Milwaukee parties.

David Olmstead, one of the original stockholders of the Bismarck Tribune Company, has been making Bismarck a visit during the past week. He is selecting several thousand acres of land on the line of the North Pacific for eastern friends.

Joe Pennell and Jack Highland left a few days ago in a mackinaw for Fort Pierre, following forty freight teams which went overland. Pennell has a contract for hauling five hundred tons of freight from Pierre to Deadwood for C. K. Peck.

Lieut. Grimes and family started East Wednesday morning. Mrs. Grimes and the children go to her home in Buffalo, New York, and the Lieut. will travel around to Helena on business connected with the construction of the military telegraph line.

Mr. Verplank, of Geneva, N. Y., passed Sunday in Bismarck. He is the president of a national bank and the owner of \$24,000 in Barleigh County securities. He was delighted with our country and expressed the belief that there would be a St. Louis at the Missouri river crossing of the N. P. "Future Bismarck" is a certainty to Mr. V.

Hail Six Feet Deep.

This is from the *Laplata Press*, Missouri, the home of Capt. Woolfolk, of the Transfer boat: "Joe Forsythe arrived here yesterday from Milan, Sullivan Co. He reports the heaviest rain and hail storm we ever heard of as having visited that place on Tuesday night. Evidently a waterspout burst over the town, as in a few minutes the water in the fair grounds was waist deep and a little creek near by was swollen until it was a quarter of a mile in width. The county fair was to have commenced next day, and many a stockman on the grounds barely escaped with their stock. Hail fell to the depth of two feet on a level, and in ravines it drifted to a depth of six feet. Hogs weighing 150 pounds were killed outright, while one farmer reported over 100 rabbits killed on his farm by the stones. Corn stocks in the fields were denuded of their blades and a general look of destruction was apparent in the wake of the storm."

Musical Treat.

Mr. Jas. G. Clark, the famous Balladist, will give one of his entertainments at the Presbyterian Church to-morrow evening. Mr. Clark has been receiving flattering testimonials from leading Eastern journals and claims to be the only original ballad singer in America.

Here is a thing that happened. Like wild beasts whelped, for den, in a wild part of North England, there lived once two wild men inhabiting one homestead, neither a hovel nor hut.

Time out of mind their birthright; father and son, these—but—

Such a son, such a father! Most wildest by degrees softens away; yet, last of their line, the wild and fierce were these.

Criminals, then? Why, no: they did not murder; and rob;

But give them a word, they return a blow—old Halbert as young Hob:

Harsh and fierce of word, rough and savage of deed.

Hated or feared the more—who knows—the genuine wild-beast breed.

Thus were they found by the few sparse folk of the country-side;

But how fared each with other? Even beast couch, hide by hide,

In growing grudging agreement: so father and son lay abed.

The closer up in their den because the last of their kind in the world.

Still, beast like beast on occasion. One Christmas night of snow,

Came father and son to words—such words! more cruel because the blow

To crown each word was wanting, while taunt matched gibe, and curse

Competed with oath in wage, like pastime in hell nay, worse:

For pastime turned to earnest, as up there sprang at last

The son at the throat of the father, seized him and held him fast.

Out of the house you go!—(there follow a hideous oath)—

'This oven where now we bake, too hot to hold us both!

If there's snow outside, there's coolness: out with you, hide a spell

In the drift, and save the sexton the charge of a parish shell!"

Now, the old trunk was tough, was solid as stump of oak

Untouched at the core by a thousand years: much less had its seventy broke

One whiplight nerve in the muscled mass from neck to shoulder blade

Of the mountainous man, whereon his child's rash hand like a feather weighed.

Nevertheless at once did the mammoth shut his eyes,

Drop chin to breast, drop hands to sides, stand stiffened—arms and thighs

All of a piece—struck mute, much as a sentry stands,

Patient to take the enemy's fire: his captain so commands.

Whereat the son's wrath flew to fury at such sheer scorn

Of his puny strength by the giant elb thus acting the babe new-born.

And "Neither will this turn serve!" yelled he, out with you! Trundle, log!

If you cannot tramp a drudge like a man, try all fours like a dog!"

Still the old man stood mute. So, logwise—down to the floor

Pulled from his fire-side place, dragged on from hearth to door—

Was he pushed, a very log, a staircase along until

A certain turn in the steps was reached, a yard from the house door-sill.

Then the father opened his eyes—each spark of their rage extinct—

Temples, late black, dead-blanching—right hand with left h and linked—

He faced his son submissive; when slow the accents came,

They were strun ely mild, though his son's rash hand on his neck lay all the same,

"Halbert, on such a night of a Christmas long ago,

For such a cause, with such a gesture, did I drag—so—

My father down thus far; but, softening here I heard

A voice in my heart, and stopped; you wait for an outer word.

"For your own sake, not mine, soften you too! untrod.

Leave this last step we reach, nor brave the finger of God?

I dare not pass its lifting; I did well, I nor blame

Nor praise you! I stop here; Halbert, do you the same!"

Straightway the son relaxed his hold of the father's throat.

They mounted, side by side, to the room again; no no e

Took either of each, no sign made each to either; last

As first, in abso ute silence, their Christmas-night they passed.

At dawn, the father sat on, dead, in the self-same place,

With an outburst blackening still the old bad fighting face;

But the son crouched all a-tremble like any lamb new-weaned.

When he went to the burial, some one's staff he borrowed—stuttered and leaned.

But his lips were loose, not locked—kept muttering, mumbling. "There!"

At his cursing and swearing!" the youngsters cried, but the elders thought, "In prayer."

A boy threw stones; he picked them up and stored them in his vest.

So tottered, muttered, mumbled he till he died, perhaps found rest.

"Is there a reason in nature for those hard hearts?" O Lear,

That a reason out of nature must turn them soft, seems clear!

—Robert Browning

How Pottridge Spoiled His Luck.

Mr. Thomas Pottridge, of Smallborough, had been renowned for his constant run of luck, so that at the age of forty he was reckoned the "warmest" man there—an alderman who had been twice mayor of his city, a church-warden and a very popular character among the fair sex by reason of his being a bachelor. One or two things more only were wanted to complete his happiness—namely, a good wife, a nice little estate in the country, and the honor of knighthood.

Mr. Pottridge wished to become Sir Thomas Pottridge. Having long cherished this idea, and resolved, indeed, that he would not propose for the hand of pretty Miss Lucy Dott, the banker's daughter, until he could make her a ladyship, Mr. Pottridge ended by thinking that he could best secure his object by causing himself to be re-elected mayor, and arranging if possible that H. R. H. the Prince of Wales should pay a visit to Smallborough during the term of his office.

Intent upon this scheme, Mr. Pottridge came up to town to call upon Lord Beaconsfield. Lord Beaconsfield hearkened kindly to the grocer's prayer. Small-

borough was about to inaugurate some public baths, the first establishment of the kind ever seen in the town, and nothing could be more suitable than that the heir to the throne should preside over the ceremonial.

"Truly," said the Premier politely, when he had heard the Alderman speak, "the cleanliness of the people must always be a matter of interesting concern to those who are brought into relations with them. I shall be happy to take her majesty's commands on the—ahem!—public-spirited proposal which you have laid before me."

"If you can manage it my lord, I should be glad if the visit could take place sometime after the 9th of November next, for I shall be mayor then and able to see that the reception given is a proper one."

"Ah, quite so!" answered Lord Beaconsfield, dropping his eyeglass, for he had studied Mr. Pottridge through, and knew the man by heart.

Leaving Whitehall, Mr. Pottridge sauntered towards Regent street, and as he walked along life seemed rosy to him because of Miss Dott. He began to stare into the shop windows, admiring pretty things which he was tempted to buy for his love. He was turning over this fancy and fumbling wistfully at the pocket where his check-book lay when suddenly he beheld through the window a curious sight. An elegantly dressed lady was seated at the counter examining pieces of Brussels lace. The shopman averted his head for an instant and she deftly whipped up a yard of the costly texture and transferred it to her pocket. The shopman spread a number of square flat boxes containing cambric handkerchiefs and once more turned away. Again the lady's deft hand went to work and a couple of handkerchiefs found their way under her cloak.

"Now that woman must have capacious pockets," soliloquized the astonished Mr. Pottridge. "She's a cunning thief, anyhow, and I'll step in and warn the firm."

He hesitated a moment, and whilst he hovered about the doorway, the lady came out escorted by an obsequious commissionaire with medals on his breast. A footman, one of a row basking on a bench like oysters, rose and signalled to the coachman of a handsomely appointed brougham, who at once drove forward. Evidently this lady was not an ordinary thief. She was a tall, dark person about thirty, superbly dressed and very handsome. Perceiving Mr. Pottridge and seeing his glance fixed on her as she waited for her carriage, she eyed him with aristocratic superciliousness and thereby settled her fate, for Smallborough's alderman, who could not brook the disdain of a shoplifter, hurried into the mercer's and explained what had happened, speaking in so excited a voice that a number of customers heard him.

Great commotion was caused by his announcement, and the shopman who had served her was quickly fired by the idea that he had let himself be outwitted. Darting out of the shop he accosted the thief as she was stepping into her carriage and said: "Will you come back if you please? There is some mistake."

"What mistake?" asked she, turning round with a flash in her eyes. But she grew ashly pale.

"Come back, please," repeated the shopman, a pushing young man, whose voice broke from emotion.

A small crowd had already collected and the lady was obliged to retrace her steps; but as she was about to enter the shop she slipped her hand into her pocket and let a piece of lace fall on the pavement. "No, ma'am, that won't do," cried Mr. Pottridge, seizing the thief's wrist. "You're going to pretend those things fell by accident into the folds of your dress; we know that trick. And officiously acting as searcher he plunged his hand into the pocket despite the lady's struggles and threw out a second piece of lace, three cambric handkerchiefs, two pairs of new gloves, one pair of silk stockings and a lady's silk cravat. "Well, I never!" exclaimed the pushing shopman, and there was a murmur among the bystanders, including the lady's own footman, who looked like a powdered figure of consternation.

"How dare you!" screamed the lady, purple with rage and mortification as she glared at Mr. Pottridge; "I'll prosecute you for assault. I told the shopman here that I meant to buy these things. Let the bill be sent to my address; I'm Mrs. Pounceforth-Keane."

"Ah, I desay," responded the shopman, "but I'm just going to give you into custody; and running to the door, he beckoned to a blue-coated member of the force.

One of the partners of the firm, a grave, civil-spoken man, who had been summoned from his study, now came forward; and he was at first disposed to rebuke the haste of his shopman, but it was too late. The policeman had already entered, and all the shopmen and shop-girls, the customers and the desultory people all crowding around the door, were instant in chorussing that the thief should be made an example of. Mrs. Pounceforth-Keane, seeing public opinion so dead against her, uttered a howl, and fell swooning to the floor.

"Never mind that, we'll soon rouse her," said the policeman facetiously, for he did not yet know that he had to deal with a lady who kept a brougham. "The magistrate is now sitting at Marlborough street; we'll just go there at once and have her charged."

This argument was acceded to, and in a few minutes the lady and the policeman (who had got abashed by this time from finding himself seated on the silk cushions of a carriage) were riding to the police court in Mrs. Pounceforth-Keane's own vehicle, while Mr. Pottridge, the shopman, and the mercer followed on foot to give evidence.

One would think that in a case where

the offense was flagrant and the testimony so clear, the magistrate might have sentenced the defendant straight off to six months' imprisonment, and, indeed, had the thief been a person of the lower order, it would probably have been her fate to be convicted summarily. But it turned out that Pounceforth-Keane was the real name of the elegant shoplifter, whose husband was a person moving, as reporters say, "in the best ranks of society."

Mr. Pounceforth-Keane was sent for, and arrived breathless in aansom from one of the best clubs in Pall Mall. At the sight of him his wife, who had been locked up for an hour in a police cell, wept profusely, and Mr. P. K. was himself, much agitated. He asked for a remand, and tendered bail, saying he should produce medical evidence to the effect that his wife had lately suffered severely in health. The magistrate—a timid man, who had grown up daughters to marry, and was terribly afraid of society—stammered something like an apology, and readily acceded to the application for bail. So very soon Mrs. Pounceforth-Keane tottered out of court weeping like a victim, on her husband's arm; and Mr. Pottridge walked away with the shopman and civil-spoken mercer. All three were crestfallen, as if they had committed a blunder. "This will be a very bad affair to me," grumbled the mercer. "I would have lost a hundred yards of lace sooner than appear in court against a lady like this."

"Well, but she is a thief, cried Mr. Pottridge, rising himself and speaking with spirit. "What harm can she or her friends do you?"

"Are you quite sure you saw her steal the things?" asked the mercer gloomily.

"Besides, supposing she did put them in her pocket, she says that she told my shopman to send her the bill."

"I'm hanged if she did," ejaculated the shopman indignantly.

"Silence, sir," answered the mercer with a stern frown. "If this be really a case of theft you are self-condemned, for you ought to have kept your eyes about you. For some time past I have noticed that you have been very negligent in business."

The shopman collapsed; as for Mr. Pottridge he trudged back to his hotel, feeling half inclined to go and ask Lord Beaconsfield what he ought to do. The case had been adjourned for a week, so he traveled back to Smallborough in the evening, and by the time he reached his native town he had worked himself up into a state of contempt for the mercer and the metropolitan stipendiary, who seemed to draw a distinction between well-dressed and ill-dressed plunderers. Meeting Mr. Bung's, the brewer, near the railway station, he gave him an account of what had happened, and was harkened to with sympathy until he mentioned the name of Pounceforth-Keane; then Mr. Bung's pursed up his lips. "Why, bless me, that's the cousin of Lord Keynsole; brother-in-law of our Lord Lieutenant!"

"What difference does that make?" stammered Mr. Pottridge, like a man who feels sure of his ground.

"Oh, nothing, except that I don't see why a lady of that sort should commit robberies," responded Mr. Bung's.

Further down the street, Mr. Pottridge who was rubbing his pate in rather violent perplexity, encountered Mr. Dott, the banker, whose daughter Lucy he loved. "Pounceforth-Keane!" exclaimed Mr. Dott, as soon as he had heard the grocer's story. "Why, Lord Keynsole, his cousin, banks with us."

"Well, but come, Dott," retorted Mr. Pottridge impatiently, "is that a reason why Mrs. Pounceforth-Keane shouldn't be a dishonest jade?"

"No, but I think the whole thing improbable," answered the banker, "and I confess I should be sorry if anything unpleasant happened to Lord Keynsole's family."

Mr. Pottridge was not in a very good humor when he went to bed that night. A magistrate himself, he knew what shifts are often made to withdraw well-connected offenders from justice, and so far as he was concerned he would have cared little had an appeal been made to him, *ad misericordiam*, to acknowledge that he had, perhaps been mistaken in fancying that he saw Mrs. P. K. pocket some lace and handkerchiefs. But Mr. Pottridge could not bear to be pooh-phooed at or threatened with unpleasant consequences if he did his duty. He was an alderman, a grocer with a blameless conscience, and he feared no man. Feeling that his character for veracity and common sense were at stake he resolved to give his evidence against the wife of Lord Keynsole's cousin with no more hesitation than if he were the commonest jail bird.

From that date, however, things began to go wrong somehow with Mr. Pottridge. It seemed as though his long luck had forsaken him. On the morrow of his adventure in London, Mr. Chuckleworth, who was Lord Keynsole's legal adviser, passed him in the street without nodding, and later in the day Mrs. C. sent a stiff note begging that Mr. Pottridge would send in his bill, and intimating that she would henceforth purchase her groceries at another house. Now the Chuckleworths had always been excellent customers of Mr. Pottridge.

This was bad enough, but worse was to follow. Next day some inspectors of weights and measures arrived at the alderman's shop and found a piece of lard sticking under the scales. They declared they should make a report of the fact. Scarcely had they gone, leaving the grocer speechless with confusion, then two well-dressed strangers entered and bought some tea, brown sugar, cocoa, pepper and a pot of mustard, after which they stated that they were public analysts, who were going to examine the quality of these goods. They examined them, in truth, so fast, that two days later Mr. Pottridge received a sum-

mons to answer a charge of putting birch-twigs in his tea, sand in his sugar, turmeric in his mustard, clay in his cocoa, etc. Mr. Pottridge shrugged his shoulders, at first faking it for granted that the charges would be dismissed by his brother magistrates, Messrs Dott, Bung's and company, but before the case came on for hearing, it fortuitously transpired that Mr. Pottridge had been up to London interviewing Lord Beaconsfield for the purpose we know, and this made the other alderman furious. Mr. Bung's, inasmuch as the poor grocer, instead of having a friendly bench to judge him, found a very stern one.

"I am sorry for you, Mr. Pottridge," said Mr. Dott, who sat as chairman, "but men in your position should set an example. You are fined £20 on each count with cost. Total £120."

Ill-starred Pottridge! He left the court politically and socially done for, for he could no longer hope to be re-elected mayor nor to marry Miss Dott. He should have, moreover, to resign his aldermanship, and his personal character, as well as that of his tea, sugar and mustard, was ruined.

So ruined was Mr. Pottridge that when he went to London to give evidence against Mrs. Pounceforth-Keane, the first question asked him by the counsel for the defense—a blustering old Bailey barrister—was, "I believe you have just been convicted of selling adulterated goods and at false weight?"

"Let me explain," stammered poor Pottridge.

"No explanation, sir. Give me a plain answer, yes or no?"

"Yes, then."

"Well, then, if you are liable to make mistakes about your weights, you may err in other things."

"Perhaps," replied the grocer, desperately. "I may have been mistaken in thinking this lady was a thief. I have had enough bother about the business."

"You ought to be ashamed of your flippancy conduct, sir," cried the counsel harshly, and the wretched grocer hobbled out of the witness-box, feeling very mean indeed. After this confession of possible error on the part of the chief witness, the case against Mrs. Pounceforth-Keane was, of course, dismissed, and Mr. Pottridge slunk out of the court with a magisterial reprimand ringing in his ears. To conclude this little story one has only to add that when H. R. H. the Prince of Wales graciously went to open the baths at Smallborough it was Mr. Bung's who was mayor, and eventually got knighted, while Mr. Pottridge was not even invited to the dinner at the town hall, whereof he paid his share like the other rate-payers.

(He is no longer regarded as a lucky man.)

Handling the Rattlesnake.

From the Sumner County (Kansas) Press.

I have been informed by an eye witness that one of our citizens, a Mr. L. Wilson, met with a very serious accident while trying to handle a rattlesnake near Mr. Walcott's. It appears that last spring Mr. Wilson embraced the Mormon faith, and was set apart a preacher, which, according to their faith, qualified him to handle serpents, eat poison, impart the Holy Spirit and heal the sick by the imposition of hands. Since that time Mr. Wilson and others of his faith have been testing these powers by pretending to heal the sick by laying on hands and by playing the part of snake charmer. To convince the Rev. A. B. Smith of his wonderful powers in handling serpents, Mr. Wilson dispatched a messenger to Mr. Walcott's, near by, where Mr. Smith was, to have him come down and witness his handling the rattlesnake, which he was carrying along in his hat. Mr. Smith did not go, but returned a message to the prophet, informing him that the same men who handled venomous serpents in apostolic times could also eat poison and that he had some with him—the same that he had offered to Mr. Annis during the debate last spring; and that if he would come up and eat that he would believe, adding at the same time that he hoped Wilson would get bitten if he persisted in handling his captive. Shortly afterward Wilson started in the direction of Mr. Robinson's, when the serpent fastened on one of his hands. At the last account Mr. Wilson's hand was terribly swollen, so that he could not work on the roads nor be healed by the other prophets.

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INSTANTLY relieves and permanently cures this loathsome disease in all its varying stages. It possesses the soothing and healing properties of plants, herbs and barks in their essential form, free from every fibrous contamination, and in this respect differs from every other known remedy. In one short year it has found its way from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and wherever known has become the standard remedy for the treatment of Catarrh. The proprietors have been witted upon by gentlemen of national reputation who have been cured by this remedy, and who have, at considerable expense and personal trouble, spread the good news throughout the circles in which they move. When you hear a wealthy gentleman of intelligence and refinement say, "I owe my life to Sanford's Radical Cure," you may feel assured that it is an article of great value, and worthy to be classed among the standard medical specifics of the day.

THE benefit I derive from its daily use is to me incalculable.

HENRY WELLS, OF WELLS, FARGO & Co.

IT has cured me after twelve years of uninterrupted suffering.

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I FOLLOWED the directions to the letter and am happy to say I have had a permanent cure.

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I HAVE recommended it to quite a number of my friends, all of whom have expressed to me their high estimate of its value and good effects with them.

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AFTER using two bottles I find myself permanently cured. I have since recommended over one hundred bottles with the greatest success.

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WE have sold Sanford's Radical Cure for nearly one year and can say confidently that we never sold a similar preparation that gave such universal satisfaction. We have yet to learn of the first complaint.

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THE cure effected in my case by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE was so remarkable that it seemed to those who had suffered without relief from any of the usual remedies that it could not be true. I therefore made affidavit to it before Seth J. Thomas, Esq., Justice of the Peace for Boston, and GEORGE F. DINSMORE, Notary Public, Boston.

Each package of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE contains Dr. Sanford's Improved Injuring Tube, and full directions for its use in all cases. Price, \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canada. WEEKS & POTTER, General Agents and Wholesale Drugists, Boston, Mass.

VOLTAIC PLASTER

An Electro-Galvanic Battery combined with a highly medicated Strengthening Plaster, forming the best Plaster for Rheumatism and Aches in the World of Medicine.

A MORBID SWELLING.

Gentlemen,—I sent for one of COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS, and it has been of great benefit in reducing a swelling in my left side that two physicians pronounced Enlargement of the Spleen, and one pronounced it an Ovarian Tumor.

CYNTHIANA, ISTD., March 23, 1877.

THEY ARE THE BEST.

Gentlemen,—Enclosed you will find \$2.25, and I wish you would send me a further dozen of your COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS. By the above you will see that I can do nothing to help me in some way even if I am not able to be up and around. There are a number of physicians who have tried your plaster who had given out that all plasters were good for nothing, and I now join with you that they are the best they have ever tried. I have got along this winter better than I did before in three years. Should I could have heard of your plasters before.

Yours, &c., J. ORETTA M. CROSS.

BALLSTON SPA, N. Y., 17th St., 1877.

Price, 25 Cents.

Be careful to call for COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER, and get some worth as imitation. Sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists and Dealers in the United States and Canada, and by WEEKS & POTTER, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

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vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of cloves, two of cinnamon. Simmer five or six hours.

The Cause and Cure of Insanity.

If a man wishes to become insane, let him fix his mind on one subject—no matter what the object of thought. The invention of a perpetual motion, money-making, religion—any object will do, so it is one. Let the man think of it by day and dream of it by night; let him be anxious about it at sunrise and at noonday, at eventide and in the watches of the night; let him not possess thought, but let his thoughts possess him, so that he can not play with his children or speak pleasantly to his wife. There will come in due time, and swiftly, a far away look to his eyes and a deadness to his stomach, and, judging from his tongue, he may be classed as a far-bearing animal. Mr. Freeman, the fanatic of Pecosset, has been thinking too much and too long and too intently on spiritual themes. He has become unearthly, dehumanized. He points a moral. The average American has ceased to enjoy himself. He is not a free man. He is a slave to his party, to his business, to the world. The house ought to keep the woman, but the American woman keeps the house. She is anxious and worried about the house—she keeps the house up and runs herself down. We are losing the faculty of enjoyment, dyspepsia has become national, paralysis and insanity common, and we go more than half way to meet death. Look at the American face, the hard lines that care has graven upon it. Contrast it with the face of the German too lately arrived to have caught the American disease. The Teuton can enjoy himself in simple, inexpensive ways. He can purchase more fun with ten cents than a bilious native can with ten dollars. He loves flowers, he loves music, he loves the social music, he loves the social pleasures of conversation, and he has no dyspepsia. May we not learn something from the round-faced immigrant who brings his health and good cheer with him? What is the remedy for the drawn face, torpid liver and dead stomach of the man at the desk, at the counter and in the pulpit? A little play would be good for him, perhaps, also a little blue pill at first, but less and less pill and more play—play pure and simple. We want less of Washington street and more of Broad Ripple. Let the man of many cares and a slave to them strike for freedom, shake off his cares and return to nature. It is a chance between losing time in the grave and losing time in play, which is fitly named recreation. Many a man thinks he has no love for fishing, but he has. It is latent in all men. The whizz of a reel and the bend of rod will wake it. It will wake the dead. What is the loss of a day compared with the landing of a bass—or even a pickerel? "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." We have used them vilely, but they survive even in the time of gray hair and the evil days when we say we have no pleasure in them. A day's play is a day's journey toward youth: it takes the black out of the blood; it jogs the liver. If Mr. Freeman had gone a fishing all day, and had a fisherman's luck, he would not have killed his daughter; he would have been too sleepy to think of it. With the boy's weariness comes also the boy's sleep. Men need to touch earth, to breathe air, and air that has not been breathed. Man is an animal, whatever else and more he is, and must observe the conditions of animal life.

A larger proportion of farmers' wives than any other class are in the insane asylum. The monotony of their lives sends them there. No light, no color, no play in their wretched round of cooking, and washing, and mopping, and mending. The mind feeds on itself. The Sunday riot of the great cities is a protest against a week of drudgery, a blind, ignorant and wicked effort to make up by a spasm, or what has been omitted in a week. Man needs play, not a great deal at once, but a little and often. We can teach the German some things, and he can teach us in return: the art of simple, inexpensive amusement, the art of conversation, the art of social life. To see how low we are fallen consider calmly, if possible, the so-called "social" and the "party." Is there enjoyment in these things? Consider the inevitable log work, the forced attempts at conversation, and finally and sadly the refreshments! Do they refresh? Can a man who devours chicken salad, cake, ice cream, which he afterwards melts with hot coffee, thus making a retort of his insides, and who does this at midnight, consistently lecture the German population on temperance?

The climate of this country has worn out one race—the mound builders—and is wearing the American Indian away, and has now begun on us, and we, with our bits of work and worry, will make it an easy task for malaria and east wind to finish us.

The only way to avoid the cold grave is to exercise the air above it—to return to nature—to enter into the play of the creatures God has made. The way to reform is to reform.

Almost every newspaper through the length and breadth of the land is more or less afflicted with those crude literary performances called by courtesy "poetry." The value most editors place upon these poetical effusions is thus expressed by "Columbus Rural World" of St. Louis: "Sometimes we are tempted to say that we will not print another rhyming verse in the Home circle. Every day we are in receipt of poetic effusions from children of twelve years old to persons of fifty years of age, and if we do not honor them with type, some of the writers take great offense. We have great writers of poetry whose verses would do credit to any paper, but we have said again and

again, that to write poetry well requires a thorough knowledge of the rules of versification, as found in our English grammars, our treatises on rhetoric, etc., and that those who are unacquainted with those rules must not expect to see their effusions in our paper. Many pieces have been published that were faulty, and many have also been published that were excellent. We consign to the waste basket to-day a large bundle of faulty verses, many of them containing good sentiments, but the versification is too faulty for publication."

Two More Warnings.

If there should happen to be among the thousands of our readers one who is standing on the edge of the vortex, or who is even remotely exposed to temptation, we entreat him to pause and turn away before taking the fatal step that has led so many into ruin.

It is a marvel, almost inexplicable, that after the numerous instances of defalcation and embezzlement that have come to light within the last few years, and that are sure to come to light sooner or later, there are yet found willing candidates for the dreadful inheritance of infamy which defaulters and unfaithful trustees bring upon themselves and of suffering into which they plunge their innocent families and friends. But it is the same old story repeated over and over again. Treasurers and trustees are placed in charge of money which does not belong to them. They have no more right to use it for their own advantage, even though they feel sure of being able to restore it, than they have to go into a bank, and, in the absence of the officers, take a pile of notes, with a mental promise of returning as much money at some future time. The law holds men to strict account for the safe keeping of money which is not their own. But they are brought into business straits, or see what appears to them, a fair chance a certainty, of making a large sum for themselves by the temporary use of the money, and they forget or ignore their trusteeship—they prove false to their trust, and when the time for restitution comes they are written down before the world, and it may be on the records of the penitentiary, as defaulters. The disgrace they have brought upon themselves, the agony which they have entailed upon their dearest kindred and friends, and the lifelong suffering they have caused to widows and orphans whom they have robbed, no arithmetic will compute.

Last week we had another case of this nature to record, the defalcation of the Treasurer of a large cotton mill at Fall River, Mass., who had used the funds of the corporation in private speculation, with the usual result—and this, too, with some of the most notable and sad instances of a like nature fresh in his recollection that had occurred before his very eyes. This week we record still another, the cashier of a bank at Lawrence, Mass., who is proved a defaulter to the amount of \$64,000, and in precisely the same way—speculating with funds not his own, and unable to make good the loss. And other cases of defalcation of less amounts have come to light since these have transpired.

In every one of the numerous cases of this nature which have filled the columns of the papers from time to time, the perpetrator of the wrong might have seen the end from the beginning. It is with the desire to prevent others from plunging into ruin that we repeat the warning contained in this brief article. Let every man, in whatever position of trust he is placed, discharge that trust faithfully, as in the sight of God, and in the assurance that there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed.

Teach and Learn.

One man cannot thoroughly, safely, and wisely conduct many experiments at the same time. Hence, it is very desirable for neighboring farmers to help one another in this respect. So of all classes engaged in productive pursuits. Ten men can, in one year, try a number of theories that one man could not put to the test in less than ten years. If one makes an experiment that proves unprofitable, it is his duty to let his friends know it, that they may not suffer by repeating it. If one possesses special knowledge about varieties of articles of produce, peculiarities of culture, methods of preserving or utilizing what is raised, or anything else of importance to success and prosperity, he ought to be kind enough to inform his neighbors, at least, so that they may be wiser and more successful. In a certain community the farming was unimproved, and, hence, unprofitable. A progressive man of intelligence and skill move from a distant State, introduced more advanced ideas, and rapidly converted the poor land into a fertile, profitable farm. His neighbors were kindly enlightened, adopted his wise example, and soon brought up the whole community to much greater prosperity. Of course, the man who taught and those who learned are much happier. Let it be known that selfish monopoly of useful information is suicidal as well as ignoble and uncharitable; and that few men are to be pitied more than those who refuse to learn by the experience of others.

To further these suggestions, it is recommended that farmers, gardeners, fruit culturists, etc., visit one another more frequently, talk together more freely, publish their experiments more carefully, and in every legitimate way, try to teach more and learn more.

"Don't sit so far away from me, Harry, dear," she said to her lover while they were steaming up the river with the excursion, "don't sit so far away and turn your back to me in that way; people will think we're married."

AN OLD CRIME.

The Robbery and Murder Fourteen Years Ago—A Lawyer Thinks He Has Found One of the Gang Who Committed the Deed. Philadelphia Times.

On the morning of October 7, 1865, James Needs, the colored porter employed at S. S. White's dental depot, 528 Arch street, was found dead, gagged and bound, in the office, on the second floor of the building, and the safe robbed of \$2,000 worth of gold, silver and platinum, used as material in the manufacture of artificial teeth. One arrest was made, but the evidence was not positive enough, and since then the case has slumbered in police pigeon holes, bidding fair to remain a mystery. Yesterday the tragedy was revived in a very strange manner. Mayor Stokely received a letter from John P. Vincent, attorney-at-law at Erie, Penn., under date of August 6th, to this effect: "Was a private or public watchman murdered at the corner of Arch and Ninth streets, in your city, about twenty or twenty-four years ago? If so was any one punished for the crime or suspected of it? If the murder I allude to was the one committed it was in a dentist's office on a Sunday morning. A man in this county, when under fear of death from severe illness, confessed the commission of such a crime. It may be a mere falsehood. If true it must be in your power to verify the fact as to whether or not the crime was committed. The man said that \$1,000 was offered for the detection of the murderer." Vincent refers to Honorable Henry Rawle, the Judges of the Supreme court and many other gentlemen of Philadelphia, as vouchers for his own reputation. The police folks are not inclined to place much reliance in this story on account of the discrepancy in time, the White affair having been fourteen years ago instead of twenty, was on a Saturday, not on Sunday, and the scene on Fifth and Arch streets instead of Ninth. It is, however, possible that these are incidental to the lapse of time in effacing circumstances from the memory.

There is no intimation conveyed in the letter as to how the lawyer came in possession of his information or the name of the relator. The murder of Needs created great excitement at the time of its commission. He was a colored man, residing on Pearl street near Eleventh, and was engaged to be married the subsequent week. The safe in which the material was kept was upon a platform at the back portion of the second-story room, Mr. White also occupying the upper floors. At night a watchman was in charge, who had to register his visits on each floor every hour. Every morning at six o'clock Needs went to him, got the keys from the engineer, opened the place, took the trays of precious metal out of the safe and deposited them under the counter ready for the foreman. The men who planned the robbery had doubtless reckoned upon the regularity of the porter's habits to accomplish their designs. When he ascended the stairs they are supposed to have followed him noiselessly, and, having removed their shoes, crept upon him. He was then felled by a sudden blow with a hammer or club—presumably the latter, as a blood-stained hickory stick was picked up. He was then gagged and bound to prevent a noise and carried, insensible as he was, to the back part of the room. Then the thieves opened the safe with his keys. They tore open the ends of envelopes, probably in the search for bonds. Finding nothing in that line they took the gold, silver and platinum, valued at \$2,000. One of the workmen raised a window about this time and the villains fled, leaving their victim tightly bound. They locked the front door after them to prevent pursuit. When the door was forced afterward Needs was found dead, the testimony of the coroner's physician being that he had perished from strangulation, the wounds on the head and face not being mortal. The affair in this feature somewhat resembles the Hull murder in New York by Christine Cox. The verdict of the coroner's jury was in accordance with these facts, the opinion being that the robbers did not intend to take life. The clues for the police were the club and a brand-new chisel wrapped in brown paper. Every hardware store on Market street was visited, and finally August Franzell, 755 Market street, identified the implement as one he had sold a few days before by his figures upon the brown wrapper. Old Joseph Taggart and George Handy Smith, the detective, kept sharp eyes on all the pawn-offices and smelters' shops for the stolen metals, but ineffectually. The thieves were too sharp to attempt to dispose of such a rare metal as platinum, and probably threw it away. The others were more negotiable. Suspicion directed itself toward Hugh Donnelly, a well-known thief. It became known that he and a companion had been around the neighborhood of Fifth and Arch streets. Donnelly's pal disappeared after the robbery, and Donnelly shaved off his own mustache for some reason. The police suspected a reason and arrested him. The hardware dealers at first identified Donnelly, but at the inquest was not positive. So Donnelly was discharged. But to this day some of the old detectives believe he was one of the men. The jury's verdict was that the crime was done by unknown persons. The Mayor offered \$500 reward and Dr. White \$1,000 more for the criminals, but no further clue has ever been found. A further communication from the Erie lawyer is awaited with interest.

Gooseberry Jelly.—Pick the fruit before quite ripe; put into a dish and place in a kettle of hot water; cover closely and boil until the fruit is tender. Strain the same as currant jelly and to each pint of juice allow a pound of sugar; boil twenty minutes; turn into jelly cups and set in the sun for several days or until stiff. Protect from insects and dew.

VEGETINE

Purifies the Blood & Gives Strength.

DU QUOIN, ILL., Jan. 21, 1878.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir,—Your "Vegetine" has been doing wonders for me. I have been having the Chills and Fever, contracted in the swamps of the South, nothing giving me relief until I began the use of your Vegetine, it giving me immediate relief, toning my system, purifying my blood, giving strength; whereas all other medicines weakened me, and filled my system with poison; and I am satisfied that if families that live in the malarious districts of the South and West would take Vegetine two or three times a week, they would not be troubled with the "Chills" or the malignant Fever that prevail at certain times of the year, save doctors' bills and live to a good old age. Respectfully yours, J. E. MITCHELL.

Agent Henderson's Looms, St. Louis, Mo.

ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD. If VEGETINE will relieve pain, cleanse, purify, and cure such diseases, restoring the patient to perfect health after trying different physicians, many remedied suffering for years, is it not conclusive proof, if you are a sufferer, you can be cured? Why is this medicine performing such great cures? It works in the blood, in the circulating fluid. It can truly be called the Great Blood Purifier. The great source of disease originates in the blood; and no medicine that does not act directly upon it, to purify and renovate, has any just claim upon public attention.

VEGETINE

Has Entirely Cured Me of Vertigo.

CAIRO, ILL., Jan. 23, 1878.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir,—I have used several bottles of "VEGETINE"; it has entirely cured me of Vertigo. I have also used it for Kidney Complaint. It is the best medicine for kidney complaint. I would recommend it as a good blood purifier.

N. YOCUM.

PAIN AND DISEASE. Can we expect to enjoy good health when bad or corrupt humors circulate with the blood, causing pain and disease; and these humors, being deposited through the entire body, produce pimples, eruptions, ulcers, indigestion, costiveness, headaches, neuralgia, rheumatism, and numerous other complaints? Remove the cause by taking VEGETINE, the most reliable remedy for cleansing and purifying the blood.

VEGETINE

I Believe it to be a Good Medicine.

XENIA, O., March 1, 1877.

MR. STEVENS:

Dear Sir,—I wish to inform you what your Vegetine has done for me. I have been afflicted with Neurogia, and after using three bottles of the Vegetine was entirely relieved. I also found my general health greatly improved. I believe it to be a good medicine.

Yours truly, FRED HARVERSTICK.

VEGETINE thoroughly eradicates every kind of humor, and restores the entire system to a healthy condition.

VEGETINE

Druggist's Report.

H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir,—We have been selling your "Vegetine" for the past eighteen months, and we take pleasure in stating that in every case, to our knowledge, it has given great satisfaction. Respectfully, BUCK & COWGILL, Druggists, Hickman, Ky.

VEGETINE

IS THE BEST

Spring Medicine.

VEGETINE, PREPARED BY H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

VEGETINE IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

GEO. C. GIBBS & CO., PIONEER

BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP

Corner Third and Thayer Streets, BISMARCK, D. T.

None but the best of workmen employed, and we challenge competition.

EMER N. COREY, U.S. Commissioner,

JUDGE OF PROBATE, AND

CLERK OF DISTRICT COURT.

Office one door below Tribune Block, my31v7n6

EMANUEL C. BROHOLM, BOOTS and SHOES,

Fourth St., opposite Bismarck Hotel.

Fine Custom Work made to Order

in all the latest styles and warranted. Use the best of stock in all custom work. A specialty made of

NEAT REPAIRING.

My motto is "Good Work at fair prices." 12m1 BISMARCK, D. T.

JOHN MASON, WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS AND BILLIARDS,

AT THE OLD STAND, MOOREHEAD, MINN.

Headquarters for Army and Missouri River People.

St. Paul Business Directory.

PERKINS, LYONS & CO.—Importers and Dealers in Fine Wines, and Liquors, Old Bourbon and Rye Whiskies, California Wines and Brandy, Scotch Ale, Dublin and London Porter. No. 94 East Third Street, St. Paul, Minn.

CRAIG & LARKIN—Importers and Dealers in Crockery, French China, Glassware, Lamps, Looking Glasses, and House Furnishing Goods. East Third Street St. Paul, Minn.

CAMPBELL, BURBANK & CO.—Manufacturers and Jobbers of Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods, No. 59 East Third Street, St. Paul, Minnesota.

ISAACS—Manufacturer and Jobber in Cigars, L. 53 Jackson Street, opposite Aberbach, Finck Culbertson & Co., St. Paul, Minn.

MINNEAPOLIS BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CLARK HOUSE—Corner Fourth Street and Hennepin Ave., two blocks from the Academy of Music. Only first class Two Dollar House. New, Elegantly furnished, and situated in the finest portion of the City.

JOHN C. OSWALD, Wholesale Dealer in WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS.

No. 17 Washington Av., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

E. L. Strauss & Bro., WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELERS,

BISMARCK, D. T.

John P. Hoagland, Carpenter and Builder,

Fifth St. Near Ouster Hotel,

BISMARCK, D. T.

Contracting and Building of every nature. Special attention given to Fine Job Work.

CHICAGO, Milwaukee & St. Paul RAILWAY

MAKES CLOSE CONNECTIONS AT ST. PAUL, WITH St. Paul & Pacific R. R.

—FOR—WINONA, LA CROSSE, SPARTA, OWA-TONNA, PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, Mcgregor, MADISON,

Milwaukee, Chicago, And all Intermediate Points in Minnesota, Wisconsin & Northern Iowa

New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington,

New England, the Canadas, and all EASTERN AND SOUTHERN POINTS.

2 ROUTES. —AND— 3 DAILY TRAINS

Between Chicago and St. Paul and Minneapolis.

The Chicago Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway is the only Northwestern Line connecting in same depot in Chicago with any of the Great Eastern and Southern Railways, and in the most convenient location with reference to reaching any Depot, Hotel or place of business in that City.

Through Tickets and Through Baggage Checks to all Principal Cities.

Steel Rail Truck, thoroughly ballasted, free from dust. Westinghouse Improved Automatic Air Brake, Miller's Safety Platform and Couplings on all Passenger Cars.

The Finest Day Coaches and Palace Sleeping Cars.

This Road connects more Business Centres, Health and Pleasure Resorts, and passes through a finer country, with grander scenery, than any other Northwestern line.

A. V. H. CARPENTER, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent S. S. MERRILL, JNO. COCAULT, General Manager Asst. Gen. Manager.

Northern Pacific R. R. 1878 Summer Arrangement. 1878.

TAKE THE Custer Route TO THE BLACK HILLS.

Thro' Express Trains FROM ST. PAUL to BISMARCK, DAILY.

Making close connections at ST. PAUL with trains from CHICAGO and all points south.

No Delay! Continuous Run! Connects at St. Paul with all trains East and South; at Minneapolis with all trains from that city; at St. Cloud with all trains for Melrose and the Sank Valley; at Brainerd all trains make close connections to and from Duluth and to and from the West and South.

Close connection with Lake Steamers at Duluth; St. Paul trains at N. P. Junction; St. Paul & Pacific Railroad trains at Glyndon for Fisher's, Fort Garry and the British Columbia, via steamers of Red River Transportation Co.; at Moorhead, Minn., and Fargo, D. T., with steamers for Fort Garry, Pembina, and all points on the Red River; at Bismarck with steamers to all points north and south on the Missouri River, including Standing Rock, Forts Rice, Berthold, Carroll, Helena, Benton, and other points in Montana; also with N. W. State and Express Co.'s line to Deadwood City and all points in the Black Hills.

Dated April 7, 1878.

H. E. SARGENT, General Manager, St. Paul. G. G. SANBORN, H. A. FOWNE, Gen'l Frt and Ticket Agt., Superintendent, St. Paul, Brainerd.

BY C. A. LOUNSBERRY.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
 WEEKLY, One Year, \$2.50
 Six Months, 1.50
 Three Months, .75

ADVERTISING RATES:
 Transient, Display, One inch, one time \$1;
 subsequent insertions, 50 cents; additional lines,
 nonpareil, at same rate.
 Legal Notices.—Seventy-five cents per folio for
 first insertion and fifty cents per folio for each
 subsequent insertion.
 Contract Rates.—One inch, three months, \$5;
 2 inches, three months, \$10; 5 inches, \$15; 10
 inches, \$25; 20 inches, \$50.
 Professional cards, four lines or less, per an-
 num, \$10; additional lines, \$2.50.
 Local business notices, 10 cents per line each
 insertion.
 Original poetry, \$1 per line.
 All bills for Advertising will be collected
 monthly.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

MASONIC.

The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge
 No. 120, A. F. & M. are held in their hall on
 the first and third Mondays of each month at 7
 p. m. Brothers in good standing are cordially in-
 vited.
 JOSEPH HARE, W. M.
 EMER N. COREY, Sec.

I. O. O. F.

The regular meeting of Maudan Lodge No. 12
 I. O. O. F. are held in Raymond hall every Tues-
 day. Brothers in good standing are cordially in-
 vited.
 Wm. A. BENTLEY, N. G.
 S. T. SIMONSON, R. Sec.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Rev. J. G. Miller, B.
 D., rector. Services at the brick school house
 every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday
 school after morning service. All are cordially
 invited to attend.

METHODIST CHURCH—Services every Sun-
 day at the City Hall, at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
 Sunday School immediately after the morning
 services. Prayer meeting every Thursday even-
 ing at 7:30 p. m.
 Geo. W. BARNES, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Corner of Thayer
 and Second Sts., Rev. W. C. Stevens, Pastor.
 Sabbath services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday
 school at the close of the morning service. Prayer
 meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Seats fr. e.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

On the Northern Pacific mail arrives daily, Sun-
 days excepted, at 7:15 p. m. Leave daily, except
 Sunday at 7:15 a. m.
 Leaves for Fort Stevenson, Berthold and Bur-
 dock every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 8
 a. m.; arriving every Monday Wednesday and
 Friday at 3:30 p. m.
 Leave for Fort Yates and Sully and all down
 river posts daily, except Sunday, at 6 a. m.; ar-
 riving at Bismarck daily except Sunday at 8 p. m.
 Leave for Fort Keogh and Miles City and all
 points in Northern and Western Montana daily,
 except Sunday, at 8 a. m.; and arriving at Bis-
 marck daily except Sunday, at 4 p. m.
 Leave for Deadwood and other points in the
 Black Hills daily at 8 p. m.
 Registered Mails for all Points Close at 5 P. M.
 Office open from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. On Sundays
 from 7 to 9 a. m. and 4 to 6 p. m.

BISMARCK, FRIDAY, SEPT. 26, 1879.

The Democratic campaign in Ohio is
 much like boyhood's grave-yard troubles.
 It requires desperate whistling to keep
 their courage up.

The *Inter-Ocean* believes the Grant in-
 fluence in the national Republican con-
 vention will center on Washburn and that
 he will be the Grant candidate for Presi-
 dent. The *Inter-Ocean* has represented
 that influence from the beginning.

The Moody County *Enterprise* believes
 that with three roads centering at that
 point, Flandreau is destined to be the
 great commercial center of Dakota. The
Enterprise has no faith in any Missouri
 river town except one not named in North-
 Dakota.

The paragraph floating around in the
 press reflecting on Judge Barnes in rela-
 tion to the Mandan cases, tried at the re-
 cent term of court, is unjust. Several
 newspapers have commented severely and
 the *Globe* heads its article, "An Arbitrary
 Judge Who Ought to be Jerked off the
 Bench." There was no question of fact
 for the jury to consider and the judge sim-
 ply required a verdict in accordance with
 law as plain as the proposition that two
 and two make four.

J. W. WALSH has commenced the pub-
 lication of a new paper called the *Capitol*,
 at Mitchell, the new railroad town in
 Davidson County. The *Capitol* is con-
 ducted with more than ordinary ability
 and earnestly champions the cause of ter-
 ritorial division, favoring a division into
 three portions (similar to the suggestion
 of THE TRIBUNE some weeks ago) with
 Mitchell the capital of Dakota proper.
 Mitchell is at the Milwaukee & St. Paul
 crossing of the James river, near Firesteel
 the new railroad town.

THOUGH Bismarck is now the third
 town in the territory Sioux Falls and
 Fargo are rapidly approaching it in popu-
 lation and commercial importance.
 Sioux Falls is becoming the most impor-
 tant railroad center in the state and the
 rapid development of its manufacturing
 interests gives Sioux Falls people reason
 to hope that the city at an early day will
 become a Lowell or a Minneapolis. With
 the Chicago & Northwestern completed
 from Kampeska to Bismarck and a line
 from Sioux Falls to Kampeska Sioux Falls
 would be likely to become the capital of
 the grandest state in the Union.

The demonstration in favor of General
 Grant on his return to San Francisco was
 one of the grandest booms of this or any
 other age. No people ever received a
 hero more enthusiastically. Bells were
 rung, cannons thundered, and hundreds

of thousands of people crowded the streets
 and wharves to pay him honor. Those who
 plunged the country into rebellion and
 who now seek to control the affairs of
 the country have in this reception an il-
 lustration of the enthusiasm that will be
 developed in the North should it become
 necessary to rally to the support of Gen.
 Grant in order to defeat the purposes of
 a solid South. Grant is not a candidate
 for re-election but should a conflict arise
 between the North and the South Grant
 can again lead to victory.

THE FIRE AT DEADWOOD.

The lines via Cheyenne are down. The
 military line is so occupied by commer-
 cial dispatches that not a word of news
 can be had—only inferences can be
 drawn from the commercial dispatches.
 Deadwood is situated in a narrow gulch
 there being but one street most of the
 way, a part of the way but two streets and
 only a short distance there. There were
 but few cross streets and no alleys, but
 just solid rows of buildings, not more
 than half a dozen of them being brick.
 Most of the leading business houses, an-
 ticipating fire, had constructed vaults
 back of their houses with walls of bould-
 ers covered with heavy timbers or earth
 and supplied with double doors of iron.
 In some cases the buildings reaching the
 hillside the vaults were cut into the hills.
 In other cases they were some distance
 from the stores cut into the hills. A fire
 originating a few blocks above the Welch
 House would sweep the entire gulch—
 would burn every business house from
 one end of the city to the other; and every
 dwelling except a few well up on the hills.
 It would be impossible to save any-
 thing but human life and difficult
 to save the people even if a gale
 should be blowing. The first rush of
 teams would block the narrow wagon
 ways and animals and personal property
 would be forced to be left to the devour-
 ing elements. And we judge from the
 tenor of the commercial dispatches that
 nothing was saved. Even the supposed
 fire proof were found inadequate to pro-
 tect. Those built of boulders stood but
 little better than wood. Central and Lead,
 with hospitality characteristic of a min-
 ing people, of course, will open wide their
 doors and will protect, shelter and feed all
 that they can while the government sup-
 plies at Ft. Meade will be drawn upon
 and to their fullest capacity. The de-
 struction is equivalent to the burning of
 every business house and dwelling from
 one end of Third Street, St. Paul, to the
 other. The loss of property would be
 greater in St. Paul only because the build-
 ings are more expensive. St. Paul, even,
 does not carry larger stocks of goods and
 the personal wealth is no greater. The
 loss of property is well into the millions
 and probably seven thousand people are
 homeless.

Go to Ludwig's new store, 88 Main Street, for
 Clothing.

Letter List.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the
 Bismarck Post Office, for the week ending, Fri-
 day, Sept. 26, 1879:

Arnold Timothy
 Ayers Mrs Sophia
 Ayres Ed S S
 Alden H D
 Bergman Chas
 Berry Mrs Adaline
 Barr F A
 Bagley John
 Blomberg M
 Coolin Alexander
 Cole Truman
 Dillon John B 3
 Eagen Mrs E B
 Hatch Ed L
 Hope Mrs Elizabeth
 Hammond H B
 Hall Dick 3

Kansas Bill
 Keane John
 Kellinger John
 Keyes Capt Lafayette
 Leroy Wm F
 Meyer Chas S
 Moore Alice
 Moore Edward
 McDonald H L 2
 Murphy Edward H
 Malone Frederick 2
 McDonald Thos
 Schoonmaker A V
 Tompkins Carrie
 Turner James H
 West Lizzie 3

If the above letters are not called for in Thirty
 Days they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office
 at Washington. Persons calling for any of the
 above will please say "Advertised Letters," and
 give date of list.
 C. A. LOUNSBERRY, P. M.

Closing Out Sale

of Clothing at Cost at W. B. Watson's.

Weekly Weather Report.

Bismarck, D. T., Sept. 26, 1879.

	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.
Barometer.	30.420	29.813	30.140
Thermometer.	75	25	52.5
Humidity (Rel.)	75	19	54.7
Wind's hourly velocity.	34	0	
Wind's prevalent direction.	NW.		
Winds total movement, 1120 miles.			
Rainfall 0.00			
Lunar Halo, 0.			
Solar Halo, 0.			

Note: Barometer corrected for temperature and
 levation.

C. CRAMER
 Sergt. Signal Corps U. S. A.
 Office, U. S. Mil. Tel. Station.

A Sure Cure For Piles.

A sure cure for the blind, bleeding, itching and
 ulcerated piles has been discovered by Dr. William
 (an Indian remedy), called Dr. William's
 Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the
 worst old chronic cases of twenty-five and thirty
 years' standing. No one need suffer five minutes
 after applying this wonderful soothing medicine.
 Lotions, instruments and electrocures do more
 harm than good. William's Ointment absorbs
 the tumors, allays the intense itching (particu-
 larly at night after getting warm in bed), acts as
 a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and
 is prepared only for Piles, itching of the private
 parts, and nothing else.
 I consulted physicians in Philadelphia,
 Louisville, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and this city,
 and spent hundreds of dollars, and found no re-
 lief until I obtained a box of Dr. William's In-
 dian Ointment some four months ago, and it has
 cured me completely.

JOSEPH M. RYDER, Cleveland, O.
 "Has done me more good than all the medi-
 cine I ever tried, and I have spent more than
 \$100 with doctors besides medicines I am sure
 cost me more than \$40."

DAVID SPARKS, Ingleham, Ill.
 "Have suffered twenty years with itching and
 ulcerated piles, having used every remedy that
 came to my notice without benefit, until I used
 Indian Ointment and received immediate relief."
 JAMES CARROLL (an old miner), Tecoma, Nev.
 "No Pile Remedy ever gained such rapid
 favor and extensive sale. Sold by all wholesale
 and retail druggists, or by the wholesale by Red-
 ton & Co., San Francisco, Cal."

BIGELOW'S HAPPY VOYAGE

THE MATCHLESS TRIP DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

The Thousand Islands with their Endless Charms—Shooting the Lachine Rapids, a Thrilling Event.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE DR.'S LOG.

From Buffalo by rail to Kingston. On enter-
 ing the cars a pleasant surprise awaited in the
 presence of the Lady of the Lake. Twenty
 miles too soon made and we were crossing Sus-
 pension Bridge, a mile or more up the canon,
 Niagara was visible. One said, again we gaze to-
 gether upon one of Nature's grandest efforts, the
 response low and sweet, "Yes, once more." A
 moment later a little hand waived an adieu from
 amid the throng at Clifton. How such an inci-
 dent compensates for many discomforts in trav-
 eling. Arrived at Kingston in time to take a
 morning boat, the Corinthian, Aug 1st. Soon
 after leaving the quay we passed curious old
 Fort Henry on the left. Were well under way
 when the sun arose, clear and promising a
 fine day. A word here concerning Canadian
 boats, though somewhat anticipatory. They are
 small, inconvenient, very economical as regards
 water, and the table service is poor. One lady
 had the temerity to ask for a napkin; waiter said
 there were none. She was indignant and gave
 the floor several smart raps with her umbrella.
 Some smiled but most were too much in sym-
 pathy to laugh. The day was hot but not a yard
 of canvas shielded the voyagers from the sun's
 rays. When breakfast was ready such a scram-
 ble for seats was never before seen. Not finding
 anyone of my size to crowd, stepped out and re-
 sorted to strategy. Taking out note book with a
 frown began writing. Steward feared the press
 and compelled me to sit at table.

THE MIGHTY ST. LAWRENCE

which serves as the ocean vein to the largest
 chain of lakes in the world, is worthy of all the
 encomiums that may be lavished upon it. The
 width varies from eleven hundred feet at the
 narrowest point to nine miles at widest. During
 the first half day's journey it sweeps along quietly
 though majestically oceanward. The scenery
 was not of marked interest until reaching the
 first of the Thousand Islands. Numerous pleas-
 ant farms dot the green sloping shores on the
 south and evidence the abodes of peace and plen-
 ty. Thousand Island Park, owned by two relig-
 ious societies and filled with cottages and well
 dressed happy people, suggested the Arcadia of
 Sir Philip Sidney. Elegant row-boats were all
 about the landing having one or more little wick-
 er charms in stern. Could you occupy one of
 these enticing seats and be rowed up masses of
 fern and rock and after in languid ease the at-
 tractions above water but also below, for the
 flora of the river-bed is luxuriant. The richest
 ferns and mosses, in fact a perfect aquarium is
 everywhere visible in the shallower portions of
 the river, where fish, countless in number and
 many of the angler's choice, are to be seen. "Shade of Wal-
 ton!" How one would like to stay there a week.
 For fifty miles there is one grand archipelago.
 All sizes and forms meet the eye; upon many are
 cottages while others have only a name painted
 on a rock. Years ago Nature, in a fantastic frolic-
 some mood, must have tossed up masses of
 earth and rock and after in repentant spirit
 adorned these excrescences with rare grasses,
 mosses, ferns, shrubbery and trees. No words
 are adequate to forming a good impression of the
 infinite variety and beauty of the 2240 islands;
 they should be seen. A portion of Patriot Dock
 still remains where Gen. Jones's crew was
 mutinied in 1837. After being scuttled the vessel
 drifted a few hundred yards and sunk in 130 feet
 of water.

A PARTY IN CAMP

on Fairy Island in five tents, young lady saluted
 with an immense horn, all responded enthusias-
 tically. McIntyre, in his steam yacht was cruys-
 ing around taking views. Mr. Warner of N. Y.,
 has a lovely cottage with steam yacht, row-boats
 and all the accessories.
 Saw Pullman cottage where Gen. Grant spent
 several days before the close of the war. Other
 residences almost equally lovely could be men-
 tioned. From the time the nine miles "Long
 Sault" appeared all were on deck, expectant.
 The interest culminated when we approached the
 last and most dangerous of all, the Lachine
 Rapids. Before shooting these the steamer was
 still remains where Gen. Jones's crew was
 mutinied in 1837. After being scuttled the vessel
 drifted a few hundred yards and sunk in 130 feet
 of water.

THE SUPREME MOMENT

has come; a skillful turn of the wheel, the rock is
 avoided by a few feet, and we are hurled down
 through the roaring chasm upon the calm
 bosom of Chateaugay. Then the impressive
 features of Baptiste relaxed and hearty, boyish laugh
 succeeded—it is his wont. A lady passenger
 became suddenly brave, clapped her hands and
 exclaimed, "Isn't it splendid, would it like to
 shoot rapids all the time. After the somewhat
 painful tension all felt delight, as defined by
 Burke. Having feasted to satisfaction on Na-
 ture's handiwork we were prepared to enjoy that
 of man in the magnificent Victoria bridge, under
 a span of which we passed before arriving at
 quaint and interesting Montreal.
 A. T. B.

WATSON has the Largest and Finest stock of goods in Bismarck.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that all indebted to this
 firm will be required to make immediate settle-
 ment as we intend closing out our stock and
 leaving the country, and those to whom we are
 indebted are requested to present their bills for
 settlement.
 HALLETT & KEATING.
 Bismarck, D. T., Sept. 1, 1879. 15c

The largest line of Dress Goods at WATSON'S.

AUSTIN LOGAN. CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES

and BAKERY.

Third Street, Bismarck, D. T. The choicest
 goods at the lowest prices. 15c

WANTED ONE SALESMAN
 for each State. Salary
 from \$75 to \$100 per
 month and expenses. References required.
 A. B. BELL & CO.,
 33 Clark Street, Chicago.

Official Notice.
 CITY COUNCIL CHAMBER.
 Sept. 10th, 1879.
 Be it resolved by the Mayor and City Council:
 That it is deemed necessary that a new side-
 walk should be built on the east side of Fourth
 Street, commencing with the intersection of
 Main Street with said 4th Street and running
 north to alley way in Block forty-eight, in the
 City of Bismarck, D. T.
 Notice is therefore hereby given that unless a
 majority of the resident owners of the property
 liable to taxation therefor shall within twenty
 days after the last publication of this notice, file
 with the City Clerk of the City of Bismarck, their
 protest against such improvement and shall not
 within four weeks from the date of this notice
 cause said sidewalk to be built, then the Mayor
 and City Council shall cause said sidewalk to be
 built and charge the expense thereof to the prop-
 erty abutting or abutting thereon.
 By order of City Council.
 GEORGE PEOPLES, Mayor.
 Dated Sept. 11th, 1879. 16-20

HARDY FRUITS OUR SPECIALTY.

Largest and Best Assorted Stock of Hardy Trees in the State.

A FULL LINE

Of everything desirable. New Ferns and
 Nurseries furnished with the best of Stock at
 Low Prices.

OUR NEW SIBERIAN

Furnished Choice Eating and Cooking Apples.
 Sweet and Sour, Summer and Winter, to suit
 every locality. Send for Descriptive Price List.

Local Agents Wanted Everywhere.

J. C. PLUMB & SON,
 Green Hill Nurseries,
 Milton, Wisconsin.

1879. ATTRACTIVE 1879.

Excursion Route TO Lake Superior.

THE Lake Michigan & Lake Superior Transportation Co.

Composed of the Elegant Passenger Steamers
 "Peerless," "City of Duluth,"
 "City of Fremont" and "Jas. L. Hurd."
 Will run during the season of navigation, 1879,
 from

CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE

TO DULUTH.

Touching at the intermediate ports of Port
 Washington, Sheboygan, Manitowish, Mackinaw,
 Detroit, Sault Ste. Marie, Marquette, L'Anse,
 Houghton, Hancock, Eagle River, Eagle Harbor,
 Copper Harbor, Ontonagon, Ashland, Bayfield
 and Prince Arthur's Landing, connecting at Du-
 luth with the St. Paul & Duluth and the North-
 western Pacific railroads for all points in Minnesota,
 Manitoba and Black Hills, and at Ashland with
 the Wisconsin Central railroad for Chicago, Mil-
 waukee and all points East and Southeast.
 The steamers of this line are fitted, found and
 officered with special reference to the comfort
 and safety of passengers, and will during the
 summer season give a series of

GRAND EXCURSION TRIPS.

Quick Dispatch and Low Rates on Freight.

These steamers will make semi-weekly trips,
 leaving the company's dock, 74 Market street,
 Chicago, at 8 o'clock p. m., and from Milwaukee
 on the following mornings.

Quick dispatch and low rates of Freight given to
 principal points in Minnesota, Montana and
 Manitoba.

For passage, freight or information apply to
 the following agents:
 Leopold & Austrian, Milwaukee, Wis.; Julius
 American, St. Paul, Minn.; D. A. Christy, Duluth,
 Minn.; F. B. Spear, Marquette, Mich.; J. Hoar,
 jr., Houghton, Mich.; John Trelease, general
 agent, Hancock, Mich., or at the office of the
 company, 74 Market street, Chicago, Ill.
 C. F. A. SPENCER, Sec'y and Treas.

N. B. HARWOOD & CO., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.,

DRY GOODS

AND

NOTION JOBBERS,

Also Manufacturers of Miners' and Freighters' Goods,

Tents,

Wagon-covers,

Tarpaulins.

Awnings.

We have the best Water Proof preparation in the
 world. Send for price list.

TO STEAMBOATMEN.

We are prepared to furnish you

FRESH BEEF

AT FORT BUFORD, D. T.,

In any quantity required. Boats leaving Bis-
 marck can telegraph us at our expense the quan-
 tity they will want and we will have it at the
 landing without causing the boats any delay.
 LEIGHTON & JORDAN.

Land Office, Bismarck, D. T.,
 September 12, 1879.
 Notice is hereby given that the follow-
 ing named settler has filed notice of his intention to
 make final proof in support of his claim, and
 secure final entry thereof at the expiration of
 thirty days after the date of this notice, viz:
 Harvey H. Gallaway, Homestead Entry No. 65,
 for the W $\frac{1}{2}$ of the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ and W $\frac{1}{2}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec.
 2, Town 139, Range 80, and names the following
 as his witnesses, viz: Wm. A. Bentley and C. A.
 Lounsberry, of Burleigh County, D. T.
 16-20 PETER MANTON, Register.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
 Bismarck, D. T., Sept. 18, 1879.
 To Alexander C. Mann, James A. Emmons, El-
 liot C. Dudley, Henry C. Sharpless, and whom it
 may concern:
 John Nichols, Jr., has this day offered to make
 proof and pay for his pre-emption, D. S. No.
 86, on the W $\frac{1}{2}$ of NE $\frac{1}{4}$, and N $\frac{1}{2}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of sec-
 tion 14, township 139, range 81. You are
 notified that said proof will be heard and taken
 at this office on Saturday, the 15th day of October
 next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at which time you may
 be present and show cause, if any, why you may
 be pre-empted, and if you fail to do so, the said
 pre-emption entry shall not be completed.
 16-20 PETER MANTON, Register.
 EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
 Bismarck, D. T., Sept. 18, 1879.
 To Andrew H. Meyers, Josiah Delamater, Wm.
 Von Kuuster, Louis Larson, and whom it may
 concern:
 Complaint having been made at this office of
 your failure to comply with the requirements of
 the pre-emption law, under your several filings
 on the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 20, township 129, range
 80, October 18, at 10 o'clock, A. M., testimony
 relative to said complaint will be heard and
 taken, at which time you may appear and show
 cause, if any you have, why your respective fil-
 ings should not be cancelled.
 PETER MANTON, Register.
 EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
 Bismarck, D. T., Sept. 18, 1879.
 To John Hannah, and whom it may concern:
 Frederick F. Gerard having this day made ap-
 plication at this office to make proof and pay-
 ment on the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 34, township 139,
 range 81. Under the provisions of the pre-
 emptory act you are hereby notified that on Sat-
 urday, the 18th day of October next, 11 o'clock
 A. M., said proof will be heard and taken and
 payment received, unless cause be shown to
 the contrary; and at which time you may ap-
 pear and show cause, if any you have, why such
 proof and payment should not be made.
 PETER MANTON, Register.
 EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
 Bismarck, D. T., Sept. 18, 1879.
 Complaint having been entered at this office by
 Henry R. Ward against John Brach for aban-
 doning his timber culture, entry No. 19, dated
 May 1, 1879, upon the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 12, town-
 ship 139, range 81, in Burleigh county, Territory
 of Dakota, with a view to the cancellation of said
 entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to
 appear at this office on the 18th day of October,
 1879, at 2 o'clock P. M. to respond and furnish
 testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.
 PETER MANTON, Register.
 EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Matter of the Estate of James McGarry Deceased.
 Notice is hereby given according to law to all
 persons having claims against James McGarry,
 late of the County of Burleigh, D. T., stevedore
 man deceased, that they are required to exhibit
 the same with the vouchers thereof to the sub-
 scriber, the administrator of the estate of said
 deceased, at his office and place of business in
 the City of Bismarck, D. T., on or before March
 15th, 1880, or they will be forever barred.
 JOHN C. BARR,
 Administrator.
 Dated Bismarck, D. T., the 11th day of Sept., 1879.
 16-21

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, In District
 County of Burleigh, ss Court, 3d Jud.
 John P. Hoagland vs. Summons

Ansley Gray
 The Territory of Dakota sends greeting:
 To the above named defendant. You are her-
 by summoned and required to answer the com-
 plaint in this action which was filed on the 22d
 day of August, 1879, in the office of the clerk of
 the District Court, in and for the County of Bur-
 leigh, Territory of Dakota, and to file a copy of
 your answer on the 15th day of October

ON THE BEACH AT MARBLEHEAD.

BY FRANK FOXROFT.

The waters roll up on the rock-strewn beach, With a music too deep and sweet for speech; Sometimes they are merry and glad and free, And they dance and sparkle and laugh with glee.

Sometimes they are sullen and capped with white, And they smile the shore with a fierce delight; Through chasm secret and underground, They press their way with a thunderous sound, And they boom and break, and dash and roar, In their wild and passionate rage with the shore.

But the dark, gray rocks on either hand Ever like faithful sentinels stand, Listless and cold when the waters play, Dauntless and bold when the angry spray Of the storm-driven waves dashes higher and higher And the ocean seethes in its mad desire Now, once and forever, to break its bands, And sweep in triumph the desolate lands.

So about our lives the currents flow, Now wild and swift, now gentle and slow, Now luring us on to soft delight, Now smiting with almost resistless might. God grant that we all, like these strong, gray rocks, Unmindful alike of the tempest shocks, And of sweet juggling that smiles and sings, May keep firm our hold on eternal things!

—Sunday Afternoon for August.

WATCHING A DEFAULTER.

BY WILLIS GRIBBLE.

No doubt ingenuity is the first rudiment that combines with tact and energy to make a good detective. But once in a long stretch "good luck" is sure to gain a supremacy over those three virtues. At all events, there is an episode on record wherein luck not only gained the supremacy, but atoned for the absence of the other three.

To be sure the case was not a complicated one. There was no mystery that called for the keen instinct of an adept at unravelling to ferret it out. Instead, it was a most simple chain of circumstances. One Phillip Brashear had been suspected of appropriating the funds of his employers, and while the firm was busy summing up the total of their losses, he had decamped, carrying with him money and bonds to the value of half a hundred thousand. A futile search of the city and environs followed; but to all appearances the culprit vanished, leaving no traces that might be followed up to the epoch of his apprehension.

At least that was the popular verdict, expressed by every one having a special interest in the affair. With the exception of Mr. Americus Biggerton, Chief of the United American Detective Service, whose men all traced Brashear not only to the place he adopted in his flight, but to the house where even now he lay awaiting a favorable opportunity to quit the country.

Mr. Americus Biggerton was of himself a diplomat, who, though loving honesty and square dealing much, loved the fabulous possession of Midas more. Hence, when a beggarly pittance of "two hundred dollars, dead or alive," was offered for the apprehension of Brashear, Mr. Biggerton dilated his widespread nostrils, and whispered he would await a higher fluctuation in the market of reward.

So it happened that one afternoon, as he sat conning over the entries made by his head clerk, Sliggins, in his "Docket of Criminalities," the dusty door of his dusky office revolved on its creaky hinges, and, looking up, Mr. Biggerton spied the well-known form of his nephew, John Liel, standing abashed in the shadowy aperture.

"Well, it is you, is it?" quoth Mr. Biggerton, ungraciously enough.

"Yes, sir." And John Liel walked unsteadily forward. "I hope you are glad to see me, uncle."

"I can't say that I am," grunted the chief. "I suppose you are out of work again. Idleness has become a chronic malady with you, John."

John Liel stood twitching the frayed end of a not immaculate handkerchief through his rigid digits.

"I hope not, uncle; leastwise, I—"

"Happily, we don't see our own faults, John. But let me tell you that one of yours is laziness: so don't stand on the defensive."

"I have not endeavored to defend myself nor could I conscientiously do so," with a short, faint laugh.

Mr. Biggerton replaced his gold-bowed glasses, and sat looking for a moment or two at his nephew. He was a short, corpulent, old fellow, this uncle of John's; close-shaven, keen-eyed, alert, and dressed with scrupulous care in a suit of shiny black broadcloth.

"Well, what are you going to do with yourself?" he finally interrogated.

"I hardly know," and John looked down appealingly into the round, ruddy face of his kinsman. "I had entertained a faint hope—"

"And what did you hope?"

"That there might be something in the service that you could offer me."

Mr. Americus Biggerton let fall his docket of criminalities with something very much like a smothered gasp.

"You?"

"Certainly; why not?"

"Why not? For the very sufficient reason that you are not qualified to fill any position beyond the counter of a country shoe-shop. It takes a deal more than a good natured dolt to fulfil the duties required of a detective."

"For all that, you might put me to the test."

Just then a sudden thought revealed itself to Mr. Biggerton.

"And so I might," he conceded. "I suppose it's against the code of human nature to let one's own flesh and blood starve outright, and I have a kind of half notion to try you, anyhow. There, there!"

he rejoined, cautiously; don't rush into a vortex of avowals before you are certain of my intentions, which are these: You've heard of Brashear, the clerk who de-

camped a week or so ago, leaving Killop and Carr a considerable sum the worse for his flight. Well, very confidentially, and strictly between ourselves, the United American Detective Service has tracked the fellow to a little manufacturing centre in Massachusetts, where the aforementioned service intends to keep him until the rewards offered for his apprehension is colossal enough to recompense them for their pains. Now, John, here's your chance. Go up to Beamis Point, and keep a clear eye on the fellow; then, when the time arrives to expose him, I'll come up and arrest him, and pay you well for your trouble—all with the proviso that you do your work in the right way."

"But how will I recognize the culprit?" queried Liel.

"Easily enough; he is your height to a hair's breadth, very dark, and effeminate to a last degree."

"Are you certain he is at Beamis Point?"

"Certain as I am of my own existence. There is but one tavern in the place, and at it he is domiciled. It is highly probable he will be disguised and under an assumed name. But you must ferret out his identity, aided by the information I have given you, and the fact that he has been in the place just a fortnight come Tuesday. Here's enough money to cover your expenses. In event of your failure, I warn you never to come my way again. If you succeed your future is assured. Now go."

And John, stowing away a generous coil of bills in his innermost pocket, obeyed Mr. Biggerton's peremptory bidding.

Now Beamis Point was an aimless province of unfertile soil, somewhere along the Massachusetts coast; of which one predicted at first a scantiness of population, and a general poverty in the way of human comfort. There were precisely seven rambling farm-houses, an equally rambling church, and, more pretentious than the rest, a heap of brick and mortar stigmatized, for brevity's sake, "The Tavern."

John Liel got to this place on the second morning after his departure from Biggerton's office. Once there, he set about his duties with all the system and regularity befitting them. Going directly to the tavern, he ordered a room, and, while subscribing himself upon the battered register, took occasion to scan the names enrolled thereon.

In most part they were good, sensible Yankee names, such, he argued, as might be and probably were the possession of the itinerant peddlers who predominated in that section. But two names were one jot out of the stereotyped category; these were Miss Spear, New Haven, and Oliver Pierce, Brooklyn. He closed the book suddenly when he saw the date subjoining them, Tuesday, April 12. That was the day on which Phillip Brashear had come to Beamis Point.

He went to his room, there to await the sounding of the dinner-gong. It rang at last, and, with a strangely fluttering heart John repaired to the dining-room, and the first person to be introduced to him was Mr. Oliver Pierce, of Brooklyn.

The fellow was manifestly in the last epoch of respectable intoxication; and as he lolled about the room, eating, gesticulating and talking all in a breath, John had no meagre opportunity to study his rum-blossoming physiognomy.

His intuition told him the fellow was the one he sought. His face was covered by a straggling beard of several weeks growth; he was quite dark, and John's height "to a hair's breadth."

That afternoon John telegraphed Biggerton substantially as follows:

"Uncle Americus—Everything is in excellent order, and awaiting your pleasure."

JOHN.

It was twilight when he again entered his room, and scarcely had he done so than he heard some one fumbling at the door-knob. A second later the door swung quickly open, and leaning against the panels was a woman. Quite a tall woman she was—certainly several inches above the accepted height of her sex. Her face, outlined by the dense shadows of the hall was strangely prepossessing; she had full, regular features, a damask-rose sort of complexion, and pale gray eyes, under dark, curling lashes.

Mr. Liel was the first to regain his composure.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" At the first sound of his voice she shrank back still further into the shadows. She had not seen him until he spoke.

"Yes," she articulated, faintly, in a velvety contralto voice, "though I should never have intruded had I known you were here. The door of my room has become locked during my absence, and your key and mine are counterparts of each other."

John stooped forward and wrested his key from its lock, then passed into the hall accompanied by the lady. Her room lay directly opposite his own, and it was the work of scarcely a moment to insert the key and turn the lock into its rightful position. Then, with a faint murmur of thanks, the lady passed within, closing the door behind her, and making to him an impromptu Peri on the outer edge of a modern paradise.

He stayed there a second or two listening to the fall of her receding footsteps, then turned about; and was shunting across the narrow hall, when suddenly a man staggered with drunken force against him. Just then a momentary slimmer of light burned upward from the flimsy flare of the hallway lamp, and, lying half-senseless in his clasp, John Liel saw the figure of Phillip Brashear.

He led the fellow a few paces, then set him on his feet, and watched him with a keen sense of satisfaction stagger against the door of a room farther on and sink into a heavy sleep across the threshold.

John felt more interested in his mysterious visitor next morning than he did in either Brashear or his breakfast. He watched for her until his eyes tired of their vain expectancy; and, despairing at

last of seeing her, he questioned mine host about her, and had his trouble for his pains. Mine host knew absolutely nothing beyond the meagre fact that her name was Spear; that she came from New Haven; that she paid her bills with uncommon regularity, and kept exclusively to herself.

So John had to content himself that day with watching the movements of Phillip Brashear, and congratulating his vanity upon the conquest he had won over his old enemy—Fate.

Towards evening he saw the door of Miss Spear's room slightly ajar, and ventured in with a neatly-worded pretense of having mistaken the apartment for his own. Miss Spear was manifestly surprised, and unquestionably displeased. However, she went through the formula of a half-hour's chat with a becoming show of good nature. When he went away, she told herself that she must submit to his well-meant overture; for suspicion was a precedent she did not care to establish just then.

So time ran blithely away, and spring merged itself into summer, and John stood in hourly expectancy of orders from his chief. He had been at Beamis Point a month now idly watching the movements of Brashear, and playing the agreeable to Miss Spear.

Even to himself it seemed strange that he had never told her of the mission that brought him to Beamis Point; fear of the shock upon her nerves that would most probably attend the revelation had alone kept him from making it. No woman had the strength of character to maintain a strict composure knowing herself to be beneath the same roof with a criminal, he urged.

And so things coursed along very pleasantly, until over the wires sped the following words:

"John Liel:—Will be with you to-morrow."

"UNCLE AMERICUS."

The missive set John to thinking, then to planning. First of all he decided that Miss Spear must not be compromised by so much as a sight of the affair. He would tell her everything and have her leave the house until all was over. He slipped out of his room and along the hall until he faced the door of the culprit's room. Peering in, he saw the fellow lying prone upon his bed sleeping of the effects of his spiritual potatoes. Quick as thought he snatched up the key lying at his feet, and quicker still locked his prey securely within. That done, he went to Miss Spear.

A stiff wind had crept up over the sea, over which a storm was brewing. Miss Spear was leaning before the window, resting her head upon the jam. He found her so as he entered the room in answer to her bidding. There was no time to lose, and he told her everything: of Brashear's crime, of his flight to Beamis Point, and, lastly, of his being even now an inmate of the house. He meant to tell her, too, just which inmate he was, but she did not ask, and he thought it needless.

A transient cloud flitted over Miss Spear's face; then she paled to the roots of her dark hair.

"And you—you have been watching his movements all along?"

"All along."

She put her lips together rigidly, as if to stifle an utterance that had risen to them.

"And they are coming to arrest him?"

"Precisely."

The wind crept still higher, though the storm had abated somewhat in its fury. Miss Spear, reaching forward, pushed down the window, then crossed the room in a blind manner, and paused before a table under whose cover an oblong parcel lay hidden. A second later she turned about, retracing her footsteps, her hands pinioned at her back.

"You shall never live to see Phillip Brashear taken!"

She sprang suddenly forward, a world of hatred glowing in her steely eyes. With one hand she tore the dark strands of hair from her head; with the other she levelled a weapon at his heart.

"You shall never live to arrest me, I swear!" There was a long moment of silence—then a sharp, muffled report, and a pool of vaporous smoke eddied upward towards the ceiling. Another space of silence; meanwhile the smoke of the shot was clearing, and, looking forward, John Liel saw the form of Miss Spear, otherwise Phillip Brashear, at his feet, and that of Uncle Americus at his side.

"Was it you fired?" John asked, faintly.

"Not at all; I merely turned Brashear's weapon upon himself; he is in an eminently agreeable condition now to be taken back to the city. As for you, John—well, I ain't much on talking, but you're a hero, and we'll settle the rest between ourselves."

Without an utterance John sped along the hall to where the supposed Brashear slept, unconscious of his incarceration. Afterward he learned that he was a confirmed drunkard, who had migrated to Beamis Point simply to finish his existence in a trance of ecstatic collapse. As for the resemblance between himself and Brashear, it was purely an accidental one.

Of course, John prevaricated outrageously in the matter of his encounter with Brashear. It is not on record what his version of the affair was. No doubt it was absurdly incongruous with the real facts; but it answered the purpose, and the reward given to Uncle Americus, who shared it generously with his nephew, and died sounding that young man's praise.

"Nothing succeeds like success," says John Liel, who is chief of the United American Detective Service now, and wears gold-bowed glasses and glistening black broadcloth, in direct imitation of his distinguished predecessor.

Spiced Currants:—Five pounds of currants, three pounds of sugar, and a pint of

D. I. BAILEY & CO..

Main Street. Opposite Sheridan House.

BISMARCK, - - - DAKOTA.

We wish to announce that we are now in receipt of a full assortment of one of the

LARGEST STOCKS OF HARDWARE

Ever brought to this market, consisting of a full and complete line of

Heavy and Shelf Hardware,

Granite, Iron, and Pressed Tinware, Lamps and Lamp Goods, Iron, Steel and Nails. Wooden Ware, Cordage, Building Paper, etc. In fact everything that can be found in a first-class Hardware Store. A complete line of

COOK & PARLOR STOVES,

All of which we will sell at reduced prices. An examination of our stock and prices is solicited.

COPPER, ZINC, AND SHEET IRON WORK

Done on the shortest notice, and by the best of workmen.

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M. P. SLATTERY,

Wholesale & Retail Dealer in

Groceries, Crockery, Flour,

AND FEED,

Corner 3d and Meigs Sts.,

BISMARCK, D.T

The Pacific Sample Room,

COR. MAIN AND FOURTH STS.,

(Eisenberg's Old Stand.)

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS.

Only the CHOICEST LIQUORS and CIGARS Sold.

The place has been fitted up and abounds with

NUMEROUS AMUSEMENTS,

Thus making it the most popular resort in the City.

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ELDER & CO., Prop'r.

J. H. MARSHALL,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

BOOTS AND SHOES.

FULL LINE OF GLOVES, HOSIERY, TRUNKS AND VALISES.

GENTS' CUSTOM MADE BOOTS A SPECIALTY.

Prompt attention given to orders by mail

THE BEST WAGON ON WHEELS

IS MANUFACTURED BY

FISH BROS. & CO.,

RACINE, WIS.

WE MAKE EVERY VARIETY OF

FARM, FREIGHT AND SPRING WAGONS,

And by confining ourselves strictly to one class of work; by employing none but the

BEST OF WORKMEN,

Using nothing but

FIRST-CLASS IMPROVED MACHINERY, and the VERY BEST OF SELECTED TIMBER,

And by a THOROUGH KNOWLEDGE of the business, we have justly earned the reputation of making

"THE BEST WAGON ON WHEELS!"

We give the following warranty with each wagon:

WE HEREBY WARRANT the FISH BROS. WAGON No. to be well made in every particular and of good material, and that the strength of the same is sufficient for all work with fair usage. Should any breakage occur within one year from this date by reason of defective material or workmanship, repairs for the same will be furnished at place of sale, free of charge, or the price of said repairs, as per agent's price list, will be paid in cash, by the purchaser producing a sample of the broken or defective parts as evidence.

Racine, Wis., Jan. 1, 1878.

THOMAS G. FISH,
EDWIN B. FISH,
JAS. C. HUGGINS,

FISH BROS. CO.

Knowing we can suit you, we solicit patronage from every section of the United States, and for Prices and Terms, and for a copy of our AGRICULTURAL PAPER to

FISH BROS. & CO., Racine, Wis.

BISMARCK BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BANKS.

MERCHANTS BANK OF BISMARCK
WALTER MANN, Pres. W. R. MERRIAM, Vice Pres.
Geo. H. FAIRCHILD, Cashier.
Correspondence—American Exchange National Bank, New York; Merchants National Bank, St. Paul.

BANK OF BISMARCK.
J. W. RAYMOND, Pres. W. B. BELL, Cash.
A general banking business transacted. Interest allowed on time deposits. Collections promptly attended to.

FLANNERY & WETHERBY—Attorneys.
Geo. P. FLANNERY. J. E. WETHERBY.
West Main Street.

PRESTON & WILLIAMS—(D. O. Preston, E. A. Williams.) Main Street.

DAVID STEWART—Attorney at Law
JOHN A. STOEYELL, Attorney at Law.
Fourth Street.

JOHN E. CARLAND, Attorney at Law, and County Attorney.

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B. F. SLAUGHTER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
And U. S. Examining Surgeon.
Office at Dean's Drug Store.
Residence at Custer Hotel.

DOCTOR H. R. PORTER.
Office next to the Tribune Building.

Wm. A. BENTLEY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office, Tribune block, up stairs, next door west of Post Office.
Calls left on the slate in this office promptly attended to.

A. T. BIGGLOW, D. D. S.
DENTIST.
Office West End Main Street.

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Sheridan House,
M. H. BLY, Proprietor.
The largest and best hotel in Dakota Territory.
CORNER MAIN AND FIFTH STREETS.

BISMARCK, D. T.
MERCHANTS HOTEL,
Cor. Main and 3d St.

BISMARCK, D. T.
M. L. HARRIMAN, Prop.
Building new and commodious, rooms large, comfortable and neatly furnished. First-class in every particular. Bills reasonable. 3-27

CUSTER HOTEL,
THOS. McGOWAN, Proprietor.

Fifth Street near Main,
Bismarck, D. T.

This house is a large three-story building, entirely new, well lighted and heated, situated only a few rods from the depot. River men, railroad men, miners and army people will find first-class accommodations at reasonable rates. 5-7

Sherman House,
FARGO, D. T.

(One block west of post office and U. S. Land Office. Opposite Railroad Depot.)

T. MARTIN, Proprietor
CAPITOL HOTEL,
L. N. GRIFFIN, Proprietor.
Main Street, Bismarck, D. T.

First-Class in Every Particular.

J. C. CADY,
DEALER IN

FURNITURE
Pictures, Frames, Mouldings,
Glass, Mirrors,
AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Furniture Repaired and Varished. Cabinet Work made to order. Third St., Bismarck, D. T.

RACEK BROS.,
HARNESSMAKERS & SADDLERS,
DEALERS IN
COLLARS, WHIPS,
LASHES, BRUSHES,
COMBS, ETC. ETC.
OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.

STRICT ATTENTION TO ORDERS BY MAIL.
FRANK J. GEIST,
Dealer in

WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY,
Main St., Opposite Sheridan House.

Repairing a Specialty.
my317v1

20 Chromo Cards (perfect beauties) with name, 10c. Outlets, 10c. TURNER CARD CO.,
Ashland, Mass.

F. JAY HAYNES,
Portrait and Landscape

Photographer,
Moorhead, Minn.
Publisher of

Black Hills and Northern Pacific VIEWS.
Catalogue sent on application.

LIVERY STABLES.
HAYES & McASKILL.

Livery, Sale and Feed Stable.
Orders for the City Hack left at the office on Fourth Street.

THE NEW LE BON TON
Sample Room
AND

BILLIARD HALL.
Choice Wines and Cigars always in Stock.
E. Drewes' Celebrated

Ales and Porter
Always on Draught. Opposite the Post Office, Main Street, Bismarck, D. T. 137

JOS. HART, Proprietor.

BISMARCK AND
STANDING ROCK

Stage and Express
LINE.

Leaves Bismarck every Wednesday, Friday and Sunday morning at 8 a. m. arriving at Standing Rock in fifteen hours.
Leave Standing Rock every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 4 a. m. arriving at Bismarck in fifteen hours.
For freight or passage apply to
GEO. PEOPLES & CO.,
Bismarck, D. T.
JNO. THOMSON & CO.,
Standing Rock, D. T.

C. S. WEAVER & CO.,
Dealers in

Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Doors, Sash and Mouldings.

ALSO
Contractors & Builders

Of all Classes of
Buildings, Plans, And Specifications.
Estimates Furnished on Short Notice.

OSTLAND'S
Livery & Feed
STABLE,

Cor. Fifth and Main Sts.
uggies and Saddle Horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates.
My Buggies and Harness are new and of the best manufacture and style, and our stock good. Parties wishing teams for any distant point can be accommodated at fair rates.
My stable is large and airy, and accommodations for boarding stock the best in the country. 39-3m

LOUIS LARSON,
BOOTS & SHOES

Third Street, BISMARCK, D. T.

CUSTOM WORK
Made to order in all the latest styles, and warranted. Use the best of stock in all custom work. Ladies who have not been able to get

Shoes to Fit
can get them made to order here and receive a guarantee to fit.

A specialty made of
Neat Repairing.
The motto is, "GOOD WORK AT FAIR PRICES." Orders from the Military Posts promptly attended to.

O. H. BEAL,
DEALER IN

Fire Arms, Ammunition,
Fishing Tackle, &c.
Sharps and Winchester Rifles a Specialty.

Particular attention given to Repairing.
Orders by Mail Promptly Filled.
MAIN STREET, BISMARCK, D. T.

JOHN YEGEN.
BISMARCK D. T.

CITY BAKERY.
Bread, Pies, Cakes, Green Fruits,
Confectionery, &c.

Good Choice and Fresh and Delivered Free to any point in the City.

DAWN.

BY CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

Some summer mornings—when you've taken tea—
Too late the night before—perhaps you'll see,
If at some Berkshire farm house, far away,
You chance to wake while yet the sky is gray,
A glory to your landscape-painter men,
Unknown—yet worthy of a poet's pen.

Look from your window. Long gray banks of clouds
The fields, the hills, the distant view enshroud.
Faint stars still glimmer in the heaven above.
Below, dim shapes of fog or stream and grove
Hang, wreathing, shifting in the sluggish breeze.

Are fonder shadows mist, or mist-clad trees?
And what is cloud and what is land no eye—
Sleepy, at least, like yours—can yet descry.
And now the rushing streams, by day un-
heard,

You hear; and now the twitter of a bird;
And now another, till at last the hills
And woods are all alive with fugues and trills.
The sheep begin to bleat, the cows to low:
Three hoarse young roosters try their best to crow,
Responding to some thirsty, quacking duck.
Or hen who folds her chicks with motherly cluck.

Now morning spreads apace. The stars are drowned,
Trees loom above the fog; and all around
The landscape is transfigured in the light
Of pearly skies. Westward the wings of Night
Are folded, as she steals unseen away.
Now in the far north-east an amber gray
Gleams under bars of long dark-pencilled cloud.

The crows above the woods are cawing loud,
Brighter and brighter up the dewy slope
The coming sunrise floods the land with hope.
The clouds from north to south begin to blush;
Old Graylock answers with a rosy flush.
One mountain-peak looms up with crimsoned ideas;

A moment more, and in the mist it hides.
And now the rays catch the sun below,
And elms and barn roofs reddens in the glow.
Oh! for a pencil rapid as the light,
To paint the glorious bursting on the sight!
Making the plain New England landscapes seem

The familiar scenery of a dream.
For this might be in Arcady, and my rhyme
Some Eastern shepherd's of the olden time.
Here might I see with Thyrsus in the grove;
Here to fair Amarillis whisper love;
Here the wild woodman haunts of Dryads seek.
But what is that? The locomotive shriek
Calls me from dreamland and Arcadian dawn.
The sun is up; the mystery is gone.
Another book of poetry the West
Has opened. Let the birds of old go rest.
—Independent.

The New "Annihilator."

Detroit Free Press.
Bright and early yesterday morning, Prof. James K. P. Burlingame made his appearance on several streets in Detroit almost at the same moment. You would have known him to be a professor, even if you had seen him tangled up with the wheels of a butcher-cart. That tall plug hat, carrying the stains of years,—that linen duster girted at the waist,—his long hair hanging down to keep his shoulders warm, was a dead give-away on his title.

The professor came here to dispose of individual rights to use his "Fly Annihilator," and he didn't let thoughts of the next Presidential election set him down on a bench. His piccolo voice inquired of a woman at the front door of a house on Congress street east:

"Madam, have you ten seconds to spare this morning?"
"No, sir," was her prompt reply.
"Very well, then you will miss seeing my Fly Annihilator," he remarked as he walked off. "Thousands have missed it to their everlasting sorrow—thousands have accepted it and been made happy for life."

"It's some kind o' pizen!" she called after him down the street.
"Warranted free from all drugs or chemicals—dangerous to the human system, and recommended to people troubled with sleeplessness," he called back as he briskly retraced his steps.

"I've got screens in every window, and yet the flies get in," she continued as he opened his satchel on the steps.
"Of course they do, of course. A fly is like a human being. Bar him out and he is seized with a desire to get in at any price. Tell him he can't, and he will or break his neck. Fling away your screens and depend entirely on my fly-annihilator, warranted to kill on sight, and can be worked by a child 4 years old. This is the application."

He took from the satchel an eight-ounce bottle filled with a dark liquid and provided with a small brush, and, holding it up, continued:
"One 25-cent bottle does for twenty doors, and I give you directions how to make all you want. No poison here,—nothing in this bottle to trot little children up to the cemetery."

"Why, you don't put it on the flies, do you?" she asked.
"Not altogether, madam. Any child can use it, as I said before. Just watch me a moment."

He swung the front door open, and with the brush applied the mixture to the back edge, giving it a thin coat from top to bottom.
"Now then," he said, as he swung the door back, "flies like sweet. This mixture is sweet. The fly lights on the door, and you swing it shut and he is jammed against the casing and crushed in an instant. Every door is capable of killing 1,000 flies per day. If you have twelve doors your aggregate of dead flies will be exactly 12,000. When you have crushed about 2,000 on a door, take an old knife and scrape them off and beg n over again."

"Do you suppose—" began the indignant woman, but he interrupted her with:
"Don't suppose anything about it, except that it will mash flies and never miss. All you have to do is to open every door, apply the mixture, and then shut them in succession. If you have twelve doors and twelve children—you can leave it all to the children. And only 25 cents per bottle."

"Do you think I want all my doors daubed up with flies and molasses?" she shouted, as she made a cuff at the bottle.

"Just as you prefer, madam," he quietly replied. "Some do and some don't. Some won't have it at any price, and others even set up extra doors in the back yard in order to use lots of it. I'll warrant this liquid to draw 'em, if you'll only open and shut the doors."

"I won't buy it—I won't have it!" she shouted as she jammed the broom against the door.

"Very well, madam, very well. If you prefer a fly on your nose to one on the door I can raise no objections. Remember, however, that this is my farewell tour previous to appearing before the crowned heads of Europe, and you will not have another chance to secure the annihilator. All you have to do is to take your sewing on your lap and open and shut the door at regular intervals."

"If my husband was here he'd—he'd—"

"He'd buy the right for this county and make \$20,000 in two months; but, as he is not here, we'll bid you good day and pass on. Sorry, madam, but some folks prefer to kill their flies with a pitchfork, and the man with the pitchforks will call here in fifteen minutes."

Proving the Likeness.

There lived in Brussels a celebrated painter, named Wiertz, whose eccentricities were such as to give him the name of the crazy artist. That there was method in his madness, the following anecdote shows:

After having finished a portrait of the old aristocratic Countess de—, who pretended to be only thirty when nearly sixty, she refused to accept the painting, saying that it did not look anything like herself, and that her most intimate friends would not recognize a single feature of her on that piece of canvas.

Wiertz smiled kindly at the remark, and as a true knight of old, gallantly re-conducted the lady to her carriage.

Next morning there was a grand disturbance in the Rue de la Madeleine. A big crowd was gathered before a window, and the following words were whispered from ear to ear:

"Is the Countess de— really in jail for her debts?"
Wiertz had exercised a little vengeance towards his noble but unfair customer. As soon as she had refused the portrait, he set to work and painted a few iron bars on the picture, with these words:

"In jail for debt!"
He exhibited the painting in a jeweler's window, in the principal street of Brussels, and the effect was instantaneous.

A few hours later, the countess was back at Wiertz's studio, pouring invectives on him at high pressure—"to have exhibited her likeness under such scandalous"—etc., etc.

"Most noble lady," was the artist's reply, "you said the painting did not look anything like yourself, and that your most intimate friends would not have recognized a single one of your features in the picture. I wanted to test the truth of your statement, that is all."

The portrait was taken away, the city laughed, the artist charged double price, and gave the amount to the poor of the city.

A Pullman Car Incident.

It was in a Pullman "sleeper" between Albany and Buffalo. Among the passengers were a middle-aged couple, evidently on their first journey, and a sour-faced old maid, rather desiccated in her general effect, who was traveling alone. The couple had an upper berth, and the maid on well stricken years the upper berth in the adjoining section. In the same car were a couple of frolicsome youths, ready for any kind of mischief. Bed-time came, and all hands retired. But the husband could not sleep. Whether it was because of the motion of the cars, the noise or the novelty of the situation, he could not tell, but try as he would, he could not sleep. At length it occurred to him that he was thirsty. The more he thought of it the more thirsty he got. So he called the porter, who brought the ladder and helped him down. Now, while he was gone for the water, one of the "boys" stepped out of bed and shifted the ladder so that it rested against the berth in which the ancient maiden was sleeping, and then returned to his bed to note the result. In a moment or two the husband returned, and crept quietly up the steps, anxious to make as little noise as possible, so as not to awaken his wife. The occupant of the berth, thus rudely intruded upon, awoke with a start, and screamed. The husband, supposing it to be his easily-frightened wife, tried to reassure her, and said, "It's only me."

"Only you, you old scoundrel," said the venerable maiden, "I'll teach you a lesson," and with that she seized him by the hair of his head and screamed for help. Then he howled with pain. Then his wife, awakened by the noise, discovered where her husband was, and raised her voice in lamentation, heaping reproaches upon her faithless spouse. Then the passengers all got up and demanded an explanation of all the commotion, and foremost among them the wretch who had caused it all. Then the husband, covered with confusion, and utterly unable to account for what he had done, climbed down from his perch and slunk away to bed, where he was soundly lectured for his faithlessness. Altogether it was a most uncomfortable though ludicrous situation, and the glances of defiance that were exchanged between the wife and the old maid all through the next day were a study. The cause of all the trouble leaked out, but it never reached the ears of those chiefly affected by it.

The steamship City of Montreal arrived at New York September 8, bringing \$300,000 in silver. The Germania brought \$2,013,775, of which \$693,000 were in gold bars, and the remainder American gold coin.

NIGHT.

Slowly the sunset fades;
Night is shadow-fall;
The pale moon glimmers through the shades
About the poplars tall!
The river's waves and the reeds
Like wan, gray serpents crawl.

A hushing wind doth go
In secret where
The rushes bend with the waves' flow,
And the reeds twist like hair—
Slow stealing, till it shakes the ashen boughs,
With sudden gusts of air.

Somewhere, a too-late bird
Makes shrill sound;
Close by, marsh frogs are heard
Upon the weedy ground;
A white owl flits on ghostly wing
And the bats swarm around.

The quivering planets shine
Through the black night;
They seem to hang like fire-flies on
The tree-tops all alight;
The rustling topmost leaves all gleam
With silvery white.

The pale moon grows apace
A warmer hue;
It draws a veil across the face
Of night, which looketh through,
It floods the hills and hidden dells
With misty, yellow hue.

Like pale gold dew it lies,
On half-seen trees;
With broad and yellow sheets it clads
The sloping flowery leas;
Its misty smile in the fair skies
Lights up the restless seas.

A hushing wind doth go
In secret where
The reeds within the rivers' flow
Wave like twisted hair,
And dies in silence on the lips
Of lilies lying there.

—Good Words.

WIT AND HUMOR.

News dispatchers are becoming too laconic; here comes an item from Switzerland about a flash of lightning that killed a farmer and a cow he was milking, and not a word about whether it curdled the milk or not.

A man was testifying in an Arkansas court, when a loud peal of thunder and a flash of lightning caused him to spring to his feet. The justice with his fatherly kind of protection, reaching over and catching hold of the man, said:

"Sit down, sir—sit down. You are in my charge now. Don't be frightened; I'll protect you."

The man looked at the justice with an inexpressible expression, sat down in the chair and resumed his statement.
A man was standing on a corner the other day, gazing around at nothing in particular, when a fiend stepped up to him and said:

"I see you have a mourning band on your hat?"
"Yes, I have; it's for my mother-in-law."

"Your mother-in-law?"
"Yes, my mother-in-law!" replied the man in mourning.
"Why, I didn't know she was dead."

"Well, she isn't—she recovered."
Culinary art is a subject of interest in Chicago as elsewhere, judging from the following dialogue sent to Harper's Magazine by a dweller in that "Western Paris":

"We must have a new girl. Will you answer this advertisement?"
The interrogatory was projected to a gentleman of "culch" in Chicago by his devoted but worried wife. The gentleman called upon the perfect lady, and was soon "received"

"Can you do general housework?" is the first meek inquiry.
"Yes," loftily.
"Can you cook?"

"Cook is it? Sure an' I shud say so! An' I jist graduated from a foine cookin' school. I'm a Boston gurl."

It occurred in Bodé, that city of whisky, wealth, and wickedness. A case was on trial in the Justice's court, and during the recess one of the interested parties approached a juror and said:

"Say boss, if that ar suit goes agin' me I'm nigh on \$2,000 loser in minin' property. Now I'll give you an even \$500 to hang that jury." The incorruptible Scion of American liberty reflected a moment and replied: It'd be a cussed onsar in job for one man to take a rope and strangle that hull gang, an' I'm afraid afore I got through I mout dance a jig under it myself; but if it's all the same to you, pard, I mout wade in thar with a six-shooter an' wipe out the crowd. The'd be more to my hand than hangin' and the job could be done quicker. If that's satisfactory, produce the coin an' I'll git to work."

A Philosophic Fiend.

"I should like to sell you a gimlet," said a careless-looking man, as he walked into the office, the other day.
"We have no use for one," replied the cashier.

"But you should always look into the misty future," went on the fiend, demurely; "next winter you will want to make holes in your boot-heels, so you can get your skates on."

"I use clubs—no straps required."
"You may want to screw some boards together some time. The old-fashioned method of driving screws in with a hammer is pernicious, as it deteriorates the tenacity of the fangs of the screw, as it were."

"Nothing to-day, sir."
"This gimlet also acts as a corkscrew."
"I don't want it."

"It also may be used as a tack-hammer, a cigar-holder, and a toothbrush."
"I don't want it."
"It has an eraser, a pen, an inkstand, a table for computing compound interest, and a lunch-box attachment."

"I can't help it; I don't want it."
"I know you don't; you are one of those mean men who won't buy a gimlet unless it has a restaurant and a trip through Europe and an Italian opera company attached. You're the kind of a man who would live near an electric light to save the gas bill."

And the peddler walked out with his metal plumage on the perpendicular.

LOCAL LEVIES.

Made by "Tribune" Reporters in Their Rounds About the City.

Carnahan's four acre potato field yielded 822 bushels.

Go to see Jas. Clark, the lyric poet, composer and balladist, to-morrow night at the Presbyterian Church.

The train was held Thursday until twelve o'clock for the sixty passengers from the Rose Bud. It was not a fair shake for the hotels.

Thos. Doane and Gen. Rosser left this week for the Little Missouri. They will decide on the practicability of grading twenty-five miles more this season beyond the one hundred.

Speaking of big threshing on the Steele farm last week, Wm. A. Hussey fed a machine to thresh 1,975 bushels oats in ten hours and set the machine over twice during the day.

The Mandan *Criterion*, in its enlarged shape, announces that the people have unanimously petitioned the Postmaster General to change the name of the post-office from Cushman to Mandan.

A daughter was born last week to J. H. Saulsbury and wife, of Apple Creek. Harry had good crops this year but this, no doubt, is the cause of the happy mein he has carried for some weeks past.

The mail between Bismarck and Fort Keogh is now carried daily on a sixty-five hour schedule. Not a trip has been lost this summer and the mail is always on time since additional stock was placed on the line.

Some Bismarcker recently sent a remittance to Ehrich & Co., New York. The order has been received but the party failed to attach his signature, therefore he will not receive his goods until he imparts this necessary information.

H. G. Newport, G. A. C., has invested in a frame that is branded with the word "horse," and christened it Jalap. The boys call it an empty corn crib, an animated hay-rack, a skeleton looking for its hide, old boneyard, unground phosphate, and all the other hard names that are common in Mandan. We would call it Newport's Sleepy Tom.

Wm. Gleason, a 1st sergeant in the Twentieth Michigan Infantry, (Colonel Lounsbury's regiment) and a veteran of the Mexican war, is now keeping the Little Heart station on the Bismarck and Ft. Keogh stage line. Mr. Gleason was one of the best soldiers in the service and is a true man in every respect. He will settle in Dakota with his six sons.

Among the old settlers of Burleigh County, P. H. Byrne deserves special mention. His farm, one mile and a half from Bismarck, is one of the best in the county, and his hotel at Mandan, the Northwestern, is 25x90, two stories, lathed and plastered with as good rooms and as good furniture as the Merchants, Capitol, Western or Custer hotels, Bismarck, and a business that would delight even Griffin, the hotel king, and better than all this property is practically free from incumbrance.

W. B. Watson advertises this week a grand closing-out sale of clothing. This becomes a necessity in order to make room for his increased dry goods trade, and the large stock which he has just received. His stock of clothing is nearly all new and complete in every respect. Rare bargains in fall and winter suits are being offered. The prices have been reduced to bare cost that the stock may be closed out as soon as possible. Dry goods, furnishing goods and ladies' fine shoes will command the attention of Mr. Watson hereafter, and his new invoice in these lines is one of the most complete ever brought into the territory.

The citizens of Bismarck should avail themselves of the rare treat offered to-morrow night at the Presbyterian Church.

Pony Stolen.

Ten dollars reward will be paid for the return of a roan pony belonging to Dr. Arrington to the stable of Ben Ash, Bismarck, stolen or strayed at Bismarck on the evening of Sept. 23d, 1879.

PATRICK JINN.

Found.

An overcoat. Inquire at the Post Office, describe property and pay for this notice.

Grand Raffle.

At Raymond's Hall, Saturday evening, October 4th. Valuable prizes: Carriages, cutters, horses, furniture and cash.

American Sewing Machines; an immense stock, Cheap, at

WATSON'S.

Go to WATSON'S for your winter Cloaks and Furs.

Grand Raffle.

At Raymond's Hall, Saturday evening, October 4th. Valuable prizes: Carriages, cutters, horses, furniture and cash.

Rare Bargains

offered in Clothing at

W. B. WATSON'S.

Grove Lake Academy.

Professor Cogan, of Grove Lake Academy, informs us that he has secured the services of an experienced professor of Book-keeping and Penmanship for the coming year, and that sixteen dollars a month covers all expenses of board and tuition, washing, etc. he has changed his post-office address to North Fork, Stearns County, to which place all mail should be addressed. Students coming to the academy by giving due notice will be met at Sank Centre and taken to the academy free of charge. Send for circular. 18

Dissolution of Partnership.

The firm of Pennell & Roberts has this day been dissolved by mutual consent.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

Notice.

Sealed bids will be received at J. H. Marshall's up to Wednesday, October 1st, 1879, for furnishing School District No. 1 Burleigh County, with Forty Cords of Dry Cottonwood or Ash for winter consumption.

Money to Loan.

Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers.

M. P. SLATTERY.

Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

COAL COAL

J. W. RAYMOND & CO.

Are Agents For The

Northwestern Fuel Company

Nut Coal,

Stove Coal,

Blacksmith Coal.

Send in your Orders Early for your Fall and WINTER SUPPLY.

W. B. WATSON, DRY GOODS,

AND

NOTIONS.

98 MAIN STREET.

FALL OPENING

DAILY ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS

AT

DAN EISENBERG'S

Just Received an Elegant Line of

Flannels, Ladies' Cloth, Repellants

AND

Fall Dress Goods, Etc.

MRS. LINN,

FASHIONABLE MILLINER AND DRESSMAKER.

26 North Third Street. Bismarck, D. T.

Wm. Glitschka,

Groceries, Provisions, Flour,

Candy, Fruit,

Crockery Glass Ware,

and Stoneware. Opposite Post Office.

THOMAS VAN ETEN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BISMARCK D. T.

CHERE.

You can make money by selling our Sterling Chemical Wicks—Never need trimming—No smoke or smell—10 cents each, 3 for 25 cents. Send stamp for catalogue of Wonderful Inventions, staple and fancy goods. Parsons, Foster & Co., 125 Clark St., Chicago.

HOW TO GET WELL

Broken-down, Debilitated, Constitutional. Both male and female, and all difficult cases, for which help can be obtained nowhere else—found to be so by undeniable facts. A True Theory. No Deception. The practical results of forty years' experience will be shown to invalids in Pamphlets and Circulars by addressing the eminently successful Dr. Geo. W. Forbes, 174 W. Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. 13c

WATER!

WATER!

25 Cents Per Barrel.

Buy your water from the

GREEN TANKS

RUN BY

Harrigan & Marble.

Best in the City.

SEND TO F. G. RICH & Co., Portland, Me., for best Agency Business in the World. Expensive outfit free.

1879 FALL 1879

SIG HANAUER,

Proprietor of the well known

ST. PAUL BRANCH

CLOTHING HOUSE,

has just returned from the Eastern markets with one of the

Largest and Finest Stocks of Goods

Ever shown to the public of this Western country.

My Stock consists of

Fine Dress Suits,

Fine Walking Suits,

Fine Working Men's Suits,

Fine Business Suits.

YOUTHS', BOY'S AND CHILDREN'S SUITS

In an Endless Variety, especially for children from 3 to 6 years.

OVER COATS.

MEN'S, YOUTH'S, BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S.

EVERY ONE NEW AND DESIRABLE GOODS FOR

FALL AND WINTER.

I would respectfully call the attention of Messengers and Freighters to a

Buffalo Over Coat

made especially for my trade.

COME AND SEE IT AND YOU WILL BUY ONE.

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.

My stock is far superior to anything ever exhibited here, and it is very doubtful if you can look at a better and well selected stock in the Eastern cities.

HATS AND CAPS.

My stock resembles a city hat store.

COME AND SEE ALL THE NOVELTIES OF THE SEASON,

and get one of these Nobby Hats made to order

BOOTS AND SHOES

For Gentlemen and Boys.

My assortment is full in all grades of the best manufacturers.

TRUNKS AND VALISES.

You can find an immense line to select from at Eastern prices.

And now it gives me pleasure to announce that I have, on my recent trip east, procured the agency for the

Largest and most Fashionable Merchant Tailoring House

in Chicago, and have now on exhibition an immense line of Samples of Piece Goods of the

Latest and Finest Designs,

And will take orders for Over Coats, Dress and Business Suits, Pants, Vests, Etc., guaranteeing a perfect fit, and superior workmanship, excelling garments delivered by our Traveling Merchant Tailors, at prices at least

25 Per Cent. Less than those of any other House.

One single trial of any garment ordered by me will, I am confident, establish my claim and make the traveling merchant tailors reputation gone.

Having sold down my summer stock of clothing so low, I dare say that no larger and better stock in

Suits and Over Coats

can be found than in my store. Therefore

CALL ON ME WITHOUT FAIL AND GOODS WILL BE SHOWN CHEERFULLY

Whether you buy or not. Come one and all to

SIG HANAUER,

St. Paul Branch Clothing House, 46 Main Street, opposite Postoffice

THOS. H. JONES, Salesman.